THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI Historical Society POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1928. $1.50 per year in advance

First-crop Japan teas are admittedly the finest that come out of the land of blossoms. "SALADA" Japan green tea is comprised only of first-crop leaves.

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JAPAN TEA

Fresh from the Gardens

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Oddfellows' Block

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Hats, with all the nonchalance of this gay and sprightly season. There is a new note of individuality in every one of these crisp new models, fashioned by the clever fingers of clever modistes, including original modes by Mde. Antonette; also by Cavandish, Joan and Beaufort.

Hats so plain, yet so lovely.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, NOV. 28TH AND 29TH

20 Felts and Velvet Hats $1.00 Each

20 Felts and Velvet Hats $1.90 Each

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The season hasn't anything smarter to show than these new square and triangle shapes—beautiful designs and colors.

Special Prices

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Special Prices

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The Leading Millinery House

Overcoat Bargains

See our boys' warm winter Overcoats at $5.95, $7.95 and $9.95

Men's and Young Men's Blue Overcoats at $14.50, $17.50, $20. and $22

Clearing out all our Colored Overcoats at Money Saving Prices.

50 Coats are offered at 1/3 less regular prices.

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor.

Newburgh, - Ont.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

HOGS WANTED—The Kingston Packing Co. are open to buy hogs. Every day except Saturday Phone Kingston, 995 for prices. 1-ap

FOR SALE—1 Victor Phonograph 1 Edison Phonograph, 1 Atwater Kent Radio. The price will interest you. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—Brick house, garage and three acres of land on highway, half mile west of Napanee. Apply J. R. SMITH, Phone 66. 48

LOST — Between Napanee and Deseronto, on Oct. 20th, 32 x 6 Firestone Tire on dual wheel. Finder notify LEO MURPHY, Arnprior. Reward. 50-b

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

FOR SALE—1 Conn C. Melody Saxophone. Complete with case, two mouth pieces and attachments, in first-class condition. Will sell cheap. GEO. HOWLETT, at the Napanee Marble Works. 1-ap

AGENTS WANTED — Insurance agents wanted for strong British Company, Fire and Casualty lines. Direct appointment, full commissions. Write at once P. O. Box 219, Toronto. 1-b

FOR SALE—White Wyandotte and S. C. White Leghorn cockerels. Fisher strain, large healthy, vigorous birds. Apply to A. VANDEBOGART, Napanee, R. R. No. 6, or phone 142 ring 1-3. 51-cp

STORE AND STOCK, up-to-date merchandise for sale or exchange; some choice farms near town; Pool room, five tables, immediate possession, low rent; Several residences for sale, one good one to rent. Can give immediate possession. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 52

FOR SALE—A very choice farm, at reasonable price, fifty-seven acres about one-mile south of the White church at Morven, known as the old Charles Kaylor farm. Good buildings, good wells and a never failing spring. Buildings front on road south of said church, and farm also borders on highway, with good lane opening on highway. All choice lands. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister Napanee, Ont., or to MRS. JAMES CURRAN, Napanee, R. R. 4. 33-tf

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Cash and Service Grocery

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Where Prices Tell And Quality Sells

Special Value

TEAS and COFFEE

W. ROY McGREER

Try a Classified Adv. in The Napanee Express if you want results.

CANADA'S INFINITE VARIEY ENTRANCED YOUTHFUL BRITISHERS

Montreal, Nov. 34th.—" The most wonderful thing about Canada is her infinite variety. To the traveller she appears not one country, but many." That sentence, taken from the prize winning essay is characteristic of the views regarding the Dominion, held by the members of the "Young Ambassadors," the fifty boys and girls who toured the country last summer. On their return the youthful travellers were invited to pen their views and summarize their experiences. The prize winning essay was written by Mollie Rushton, Great Harwood, near Blackburn, under the caption : "What I Think of Canada." Miss Rushton wrote :

"The most wonderful thing about Canada is her infinite variety. To the traveller she appears not one country, but many. Sailing up the St. Lawrence he comes to a quaint, Old France ; then, in the Maritimes, to a green, pleasant England ; to North Ontario—a wilderness, one day to be one of the world's richest mining districts—to Niagara—a young land of fruit trees and blue waters. He crosses the vast, rolling prairies, golden with grain ; —the Rockies—an even grander Switzerland ; and there in the West he finds a land of great forests and rushing waters—a glorified Norway. Yet, travelling always on one great national railway, among people of the same tongue and the same ideals, he sees these various countries without the discomforts of customs barriers, exchanges, differing languages and national characteristics.

"Nature has indeed been kind to Canada. All is beautiful ;—her towering mountains, her wide prairie vistas, mighty waterfalls, dark forests, rivers and lakes studded with little, fir-clad islets. Above all, there is her climate—her most perpetual sunshine, and her dry, unbelievably clear air.

"One is impressed, too, by Canada's towns and cities with their clear, unpolluted air, their wide, clean streets, their fine public buildings, their schools and colleges beautifully situated and splendidly equipped, their well-kept homes and gardens. Who, having once seen them, can forget the stately buildings of Ottawa, the busy street of Toronto, Winnipeg's broad thoroughfares, or the beautiful situation of Vancouver ?

"But to me, it seems that the deepest impression of Canada which the visitor receives is that made by her people. Despite the vast size of Canada—despite the many races which have come to form her people—there is a nation of Canadians as surely as there is one of English or of French. The early settlers went out from every country of Europe to make a home for themselves in the New World ; and from this amalgamation of British, French, German, Italian, Scandinavian and others, has evolved the Canadian. Retaining some of the qualities of all these races, he is yet different from them all—a new type, remarkable for his hospitality, his good fellowship, his joy in life, his abounding optimism, and his supreme confidence in himself and his country.

"But this confidence is based on very real foundations. Canada has an amazing past of which she is proud—a wonderful future to expect. Her natural resources are beyond calculation. Nowhere else has such a number of people such untold wealth at their disposal. She is rich in minerals as yet little exploited and imperfectly known—coal, oil and natural gas—gold, silver, nickel and copper. In every province, except Prince Edward Island, are great tracts of arable land still uncultivated. In forest resources Canada ranks next to the United States, and any one day surpass her. Her rivers and lakes, distributed throughout every part of the country, provide abundant water power, while coal for her growing industries.

"Half a century ago, where Vancouver now stands, was virgin forest ; and prairie grasses grew over the site of Winnipeg. Fifty years have witnessed these cities and many others arise, as if by magical changes. With her vast resources as yet but lightly touched, it is certain that the next fifty years will see Canada comparatively greater—one among the ruling nations of the earth.

The delights of travel on the Canadian National Railways appealed toall of the writers and there were many references to the pleasures, comforts and conveniences of the dining and sleeping cars and the hotels.

Ruth E. Newbigging, of West Kildonan, Manitoba, a prize winner amongst the writers answered the question : "Why I Should Like to Live in Canada" by saying :

"Canada offers an irresistible appeal, alike as far as I know, to old and young. During my trip across the country I did not hear a single person express the opinion that life in the Old Country was the better. The charm thus appeals to both natives and settlers.

"It is this alluring appeal that makes me wish already that I lived in Canada. I love the Canadian spirit of hospitality and welcome, and the entire lack of that stiff formality which makes the Englanders stand aloof from each other. First and foremost, this feeling of equality and friendliness draws me to Canada.

"Apart from the people altogether Canada is a smiling and inviting land. There are chances for all in a country of such vast dimensions there are surroundings to suit all. He must indeed have strange tastes who cannot find something to his liking between the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific.

"The difficulty would be in choosing a place to settle. I was so charmed everywhere I went. The towns are so modern and so healthy, while the rural districts are more beautiful if not quite so advanced. Nature has been good to Canada in more ways than one.

"From a homepoint of view I envy Canadian housewives the facilities and conveniences of city offers. Canada is far ahead of us in labor-saving devices and thus in its homes drudgery is minimized.

"I should like to live in Canada, because in it one can find towns without two houses alike. Each such towns must be most interesting and entertaining. The first thing that impressed me in Canada was the total lack of fencing around private gardens. The absence of a barrier between the stranger and the native is an introduction in itself. Such freedom does not seem practicable in this country—and yet I cannot see why. Almost involuntarily I visualize someone gathering our apples if the walls of the orchard were away, yet in Canada, in many places, I saw fruit trees growing along the roadside, and all laden with ripe fruit. This feeling of understanding is lacking here, and I should like to live in Canada so that I could cultivate it. It is unfortunate that everybody in this country has not an opportunity of seeing Canadian life. There should be a better understanding among the people at home, and a greater number of emigrants, if such visits were possible.

"Having said all this, I begin to wonder why I am in this country at all. It is purely on account of circumstances. I hope to be back in Canada before very long."

KINGSFORD.

A number from here attended the funeral of Miss Frances Manion, on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott and Mrs. N. Richmond visited recently with Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Dafoe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Keene recently visited with Mr. and Mrs. J. Jaynes.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Marshall were the recent guests of his brother, Mr. Manley Marshall.

PAEONIES, IRIS AND PHLOX

for Fall planting. Catalogue and prices on request.

The Belleville Nurseries, 179 Dundas St. East, Belleville Ont.

42-tf

AUCTION SALE

Of high grade cattle, horses, hay, grain, hens and farming machinery, at the premises of Mr. Andrew Dempsey, situated in North Fredericksburgh, Lennox and Addington County, next farm to Joseph Hicks, on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1928, at the hour of one o'clock sharp.

Terms — $10.00 and under, cash, all sums over that amount there will be 12 months credit by purchaser furnishing approved joint notes bearing interest at 5 per cent.

ROBERT A. JONES, Auctioneer. Picton, Phone 346.

51-c

NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, at call of the Warden, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, Dec. 4th, 1928, at 2 p. m.

For transaction of General Business.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, Dec. 5th, in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON, County Clerk

Dated Nov. 13th, 1928.

THE ADJOURNED SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES, IN THE COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

Notice is hereby given that the lands unsold at the sale of lands for taxes on November 20th, 1928, was adjourned until

TUESDAY DEC. 4TH, 1928

at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in the office of the County Treasurer, in the Court House, Napanee.

Providing the price offered for the lots and parcels of lands is less than the amount due for the arrears of taxes, charges and costs, it is the intention of the municipalities concerned to purchase at any price that may be decided.

The list of unsold lots and parcels may be had from the County Treasurer.

W. J. SHANNON, County Treasurer.

Dated November 20th, 1928.

SILLSVILLE

On Sunday afternoon Conway and Sillsville appointments united with Hayburn, to listen to Rev. George Pringle, Superintendent of Arctic Missions on the Pacific Coast and missionary to the Yukon tells of his heroic work. For the past 8 years he has worked among the logging camps, the isolated families on the islands and the lighthouse keepers. Mr. Pringle said there were at least 50,000 islands from Prince Rupert to Vancouver. On some of these islands he has started Sunday schools, and holds church services when he is able to visit them, which is three or four times a year. He has a forty-foot gas boat, "The Sky Pilot" and an engineer to help him in his travels.

The Ladies' Aid met at the home of Mrs. Robt. Merritt on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Georgia Hulburt, Cressy, is visiting at the home of Mrs. Archie Wright.

Several from here attended the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto.

The farmers are busy erecting milk houses for the proper care of milk.

Next, Mr. Plant occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church at Napanee on Sunday morning last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mellow and son were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Mellow, Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wright are rejoicing over the birth of a son on November 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brooks are happy over the arrival of a daughter on Tuesday, November 20th.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

A great deal of interest was aroused over the suit for damages heard before Judge J. E. Madden here on Friday afternoon, Nov. 16th. This is only the second Jury case on record in Adolphustown, and the town hall was packed to capacity.

Mr. George Piested claimed damages to the extent of $120 to his car, which was struck by an oil tank driven by F. Herrington, of Napanee. Mrs. Piested, who was driving the car at the time of the accident, claimed that the truck held the road and forced her into the ditch. The plaintiff was awarded $60.

The Women's Institute district president, Mrs. Fred Ham, Odessa, visited this branch at the home of Mrs. Carr, last Wednesday afternoon. A good meeting was well attended and all enjoyed Mrs. Ham's address.

Mrs. George Pringle gave a most interesting talk in the United Church on Sunday morning last, on his work among the loggers, camp and town people and dwellers of the Pacific coast. Mr. Pringle's graphic and familiar story telling held his hearers interest throughout.

The friends of Mrs. G. Smith will be sorry to learn of her illness and hope for her speedy recovery.

The epidemic of measles among the school children seems to be spreading, so far it is likely to seriously interfere with any plans for Christmas entertainments.

Mrs. Russell Cousins is visiting her parents in Picton.

Mrs. R. H. Hawley and Miss D. Hawley, who spent the summer with Mrs. George Hall, have returned to their home in Fort Erie.

Order your Christmas flowers early from Wallaces's, agents for Miller & Sons, Canada's largest wholesale and retail florists.

CAMDEN EAST.

The first snow of the season came Wednesday and the children are busily riding very much on the sidewalks.

Rev. H. B. Kenny, of Consecon, a former pastor of this place over thirty years ago, was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. John Beck, of Merriton, former residents, spent a few days in the village with relatives.

Mrs. M. Boulton has so improved in health to go to Napanee to be with her parents for a time.

Mr. Geo. Riley, who has kept a first class dry goods and grocery store here for a number of years, also the post office, has moved his post office to the dwelling belonging to Mrs. R. Guy on Main street.

The Ladies' Aid will hold their annual Bazaar and Concert on Wednesday, December 5th, in the United Church Hall. A good display of quilts, fancy work, cake and candy will be on sale and a good concert to be given in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Simmons and daughter, Ruby, Mrs. R. Bruning and Mrs. M. McWilliams took tea with Mr. and Mrs. W. Jackson, Bethel.

Mr. Elgin McWilliams took tea on Thursday night at Mr. G. Jeffrey's.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Jeffrey and son Lucien, also Mrs. McWilliams took tea on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Histed.

Funeral remains of the late Benjamin Calder were brought here for burial from Winnipeg on Monday by train and the remains were laid to rest in the family plot in St. Luke's cemetery.

Miss Marjorie Riley has returned to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McFarlane have moved into Mrs. Williams' house on Main street.

Rumor says the paper mill is opening up again.

Poultry Wanted !

We pay the highest cash prices for poultry the year round.

THE M. B. MILLS CO. Napanee.

18-1-y

BICKNELL'S CORNER

The weather is somewhat colder, with flurries of snow, which makes it appear like winter.

The Camden East Ladies' Aid meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon in the ladies' parlor, with quite a number in attendance.

The (Rev.) and Mrs. I. M. Loucks, of Picton, visited his sister, Mrs. W. Simmons on Monday and Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. G. Whitely, of Montreal, is with her brother, Mr. P. Scott, who is very ill at time of writing. We hope to see him better soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Amey spent Saturday in Kingston.

Mr. Cecil Simmons took a trip to Ottawa on Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Samson, of Kingston.

Quite a number on this street have erected new milk houses, and several more are preparing to build in the spring.

And don't forget the bazaar at Camden East on Tuesday, Dec. 4th, in the United Church hall.

HAYBURN.

A number of gentlemen from this vicinity motored to Toronto last week and visited the Royal Winter Fair.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Wilkie Hickey is confined to her home with illness.

Messrs. Kenneth Dickson and Lewis Magee attended the recent Ford Meeting at Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Loyst spent Thursday in Napanee.

The Hayburn Ladies' Aid met at the home of Mrs. Alex Magee last week. There was a goodly attendance and it was decided to hold an At Home and Tea meeting in the church on December 4th. We hope that our friends from other circuits and appointments will accept this as their invitation and come along. There is a promise of lots to eat and a good program, furnished by Napanee talent, assisted by the Plant family and others.

Miss Ruth Dickson, nurse-in-training, at Kingston General Hospital, visited at home last week.

A wee daughter has arrived to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Brooks.

Mrs. Melvin Loyst is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Ostrom, in Belleville.

Miss Eleanor Sills, N.C.L., was at home for the week-end.

Mrs. Fred Lasher and son, Wilfred, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sills on Sunday last.

Messrs. Alex Magee and James Dickson took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Loyst recently.

Mrs. Wilfred Brooks has returned to Kingston, after a short holiday with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson took dinner with Mr. Fred Dickson last Wednesday.

A new compact, more especially if Yardley's newest, or Hudnut's powder is always appreciated. A very fine showing in well known makes at Wallace's.

A SUCCESSFUL DAY

Montreal, Nov. 14th.—What will probably stand for some time as a record day's bag for a hunter and fisherman in Canada was secured by Harry S. Sauers, Philadelphia big game hunter in the Lake Edmonton district of Quebec. According to a report reaching G. K. Howard, Manager of the Tourist and Convention Bureau of the Canadian National Railways from G. K. Rowley, who outfitted Mr. Sauers, this gentleman left camp each day during the hunting for a day's hunting and fishing. On his way up the Rat River he cast a fly into one of the pools and caught a 7½ pound speckled trout ; about ten o'clock on the same morning he shot one of the largest black bears which had ever been taken in the territory, and continuing his hunt, at about four o'clock in the afternoon he brought down a fine bull moose with a 56 inch spread of antlers. Mr. Sauers was accompanied by his wife, who also secured a fine bear during her visit to the territory. The bag secured by Mr. Sauer is considered to be a record for one day's hunting and fishing which will stand for some time.

In view of the increasing interest in the farming of muskrats, an article in the December issue of ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS on a new muskrat ranching venture on a large scale, is of special note. In addition to this the latest issue of national sporting magazine carries its customary acceptable collection of hunting, fishing and outdoor yarns by well known authors.

Among the contents are a narrative of moose hunting by N. H. Roberts, a prominent shooting expert, and one on fish hatchery work by Jack Doyle, and many other timely trapping, angling, guns and ammunition, dogs, and the silver fox industry by thoroughly capable writers.

Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News is published by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

In farm papers the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, leads them all. One dollar a year or three years for $2, and with it a superb magazine free.

For Sale.

1 Silvertone phonograph and records. 1 6-tube Atwater-Kent Radio and speaker. The price will interest you.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

The following letters of appreciation have been sent to the Red Cross Society and the Ladies' Musical Club by Mayor Roy on behalf of the Town Council and citizens of Napanee :

Nov. 26th, 1928.

Mrs. Herbert Daly,
Treasurer Red Cross Society,
Napanee, Ontario.

Dear Mrs. Daly :

On behalf of the Town Council of the Corporation of Napanee, I desire to thank the Red Cross Society, through you, for your very liberal donation of funds necessary to equip the kitchen of the town hall with cutlery, dishes, plumbing, and electrical equipment.

Not only is your donation very welcome to us on account of the funds necessary to supply the equipment, but it is most gratifying to realize that you as the members of your society must feel that the rebuilding of our town hall has been approved of and carried out to the satisfaction and pride of our citizens.

Again I thank you, Mrs. Daly, on behalf of the Corporation for your generous donation.

Respectfully yours,
E. J. ROY,
Mayor.

Nov. 26th, 1928.

Mrs. J. W. Robinson,
Sec'y. Musical Club,
Napanee, Ontario.

Dear Mrs. Robinson :

On behalf of the Town Council of the Corporation of Napanee, I desire to thank the Napanee Musical Club, through you, for your very acceptable gift of a piano for use in our town hall.

Your gift at this time is more than welcome as our appropriation has been expended, and it is also very much appreciated because you and the members of your society must feel that the re-building of our town hall has been approved of and carried out to the satisfaction and pride of our citizens.

Again I wish to thank you on behalf of the Corporation for your generous gift.

Respectfully yours,
E. J. ROY,
Mayor.

CENTREVILLE.

Our hunters have all returned from the north country, each bringing a deer with him.

Our cheese factory commenced operations for the season on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Patrick Evans has been spending a few days with friends in Napanee.

Joseph Cavanaugh and his men are engaged pressing hay through Sheffield.

The recent snow storm was started the farmers lining up for winter.

The friends here of the late Claude Glancy of Wesley, were shocked to hear of his sudden death early on Thursday morning.

Our local cattle dealers are about through shipping stock for the season.

A few of our residents are soliting next year's wood.

Hunting foxes is now the order of the day.

A great many farmers are getting ready for the poultry days on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

DESERONTO.

A little farewell party for Mrs. Archie Sweet was given by Mrs. A. Hiscott at her residence on Thomas street, on Thursday evening, and a very enjoyable time was had by all. Mrs. Archer leaves shortly for Kawende, Man., to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Embree.

Mrs. Reid, of Belleville, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Archer.

Mrs. Allen Stewart of Ottawa, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart.

Mrs. Essery, of Palmerston, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Clapham.

Mrs. T. G. McWain held a very successful church tea in aid of the church on Thursday afternoon at her residence, Stanley avenue.

Mr. Root, of Maple avenue, has purchased the residence of the late Mr. Kitchen, Boundary road.

Misses Ruth Cronk and Lou Thompson spent Wednesday in Bath.

Mesdames Metcalfe, McCullough, Boyce and Hall, Bath and Mary Metcalfe spent Friday afternoon in Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Weiss, Mrs. Rixen and Miss Beatrice Rixen, spent Friday afternoon in Belleville.

COMING :-: EVENTS

THE ANNUAL BAZAAR AND euchre by the Guild of St. Mary Magdalene, will be held in the Town Hall, Thursday, Dec. 6th.

A Recital will be given in the Town Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 28th, by Miss Mary Daly. Proceeds in aid of the W.O.N. 51-b

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Sunday school room of Trinity United Church, under the directions of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

Olive's Courtship

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "A Cruel Revenge," "A Forbidden Marriage," "A Beautiful Coquette," "The Heiress of Cameron Hall"

At length Glendenning grew very anxious over her, and sent one of the boat hands to remind her she had had no refreshment, and that she must be tired standing.

"You are very kind to think of me," she returned, simply, "but I am neither hungry nor tired, thank you. I prefer to stand."

And the man touched his cap and left her.

Glendenning still lingered near her. The wind had freshened, and the stars were hidden by ominous dark clouds that presaged a storm, but she did not seem to mind, though it was now so chill that all the passengers had sought the shelter of the comfortable cabin save a stray man here and there pacing rapidly up and down to keep warm.

Glendenning feared for her standing motionless there in the cold. She had leaned far over the rail now, gazing intently down into the white-capped waves that dashed their foamy crest almost up to the deck in their sportive play. Suddenly, as he watched her, the boat gave an unexpected lurch forward; then there was a sudden deck heard a shrill, sharp cry of terror, and almost before they could realize what was happening they saw the girl lose her balance and fall headlong down into the water, and ere they could reach the spot the mad waves had closed over her.

But simultaneously with that piteous cry there rose another full of sharp horror, and they saw the man who had been standing near her throw off his coat and hat and plunge in after the girl.

In an instant the wildest commotion reigned; the bells were rung, passengers crowded to the decks, and the most intense excitement prevailed.

The steamer had dashed on fully a furlong ere it could be stopped. Boats were quickly lowered, but every face was blanched. No one had seen either the girl or the young man who had sprung so nobly to her rescue appear after the waves had swallowed them.

Three, four minutes passed, the length of eternity to the men who sat in the skiff, which was shooting about with the rapidity of lightning wherever a dark object could be discerned on the waves.

At length they beheld a white hand cleave the dark water, and an instant later two heads appeared above the waves, then sink quite as quickly.

"Pull, lads—pell with a will!" cried the man in charge of the skiff. "It's all up with them, I fear; they must have gone down then for the third time." But at that moment they all saw the white hand thrust from the waves again, and knew that the brave rescuer, with his heavy burden, was making superhuman efforts to keep above water, and that his strength would not last him many seconds longer. They shouted to him lustily, and he heard them, and caught the rope they flung out to him, and in less time than it takes to tell it he was drawn into the skiff, still grasping his dripping, almost lifeless burden, and was soon drawn on board the steamer.

Gentle hands relieved his stiffened arms of their burden, and while restoratives were applied to the young lady and the work of resuscitation was pushed rapidly forward, others turned their attention to the young hero, who, as soon as he realized that they were safe on deck and the danger over, fell back in a deep swoon.

As they bent over him forcing brandy between his white lips, the attendants in charge made a startling discovery—the man had been in disguise! The action of the water had almost removed the black dye from his face, his hair, and his dandy moustache, and they found that he was very fair, instead of the dark young man he had appeared.

They went quietly to the captain, telling what a strange discovery they had made, and he decided that the proper course to pursue would be to keep the young man under strict surveillance until he could ascertain who and what he was.

By this time the boat had reached Albany, and everybody hastened ashore, all save Miss Kneeland.

Judge Kneeland, though very weak from his recent illness, had come down in a carriage to the boat to meet his daughter.

Great was his consternation when she did not make her appearance with the rest, for he had caught a glimpse of her walking hurriedly along the deck.

Immediately upon gaining consciousness, Olive learned how narrowly she had escaped drowning, and that her rescuer lay in the next cabin in a rather precarious condition, but by that time he had no doubt come out of his deep, trance-like swoon.

"Let me go to him, please, and thank him for saving my life," she pleaded. "I must do this."

The captain gave the young lady his arm, and they proceeded at once to the opposite cabin.

At the door he was hurriedly called away, and Olive entered alone.

The cabin was dimly lighted, but she saw him seated in one of the large arm-chairs at the further end of the room, his head bent on his hand.

She crossed over to his side quickly.

The dry clothes she had borrowed from the stewardess did not trail; thus there was no rustle of skirts on the mosquette carpet, and he was not aware of her presence until she spoke.

"You must allow me to thank you for saving my life, sir," she said, holding out her slim white hand. "Words but poorly express my deep and everlasting gratitude, I—"

The rest of the sentence was never uttered, for at the sound of her voice he arose his hands dropped from his face. He had risen to his feet and stood trembingly before her, and the light of the swinging lamp falling full upon him, revealed to her Roger Glendenning in the flesh.

For an instant she stood before him paralyzed. Was it some mad dream? Were here eyes and sense of seeing playing her false? Was it he whom they said lay charred and unrecognizable here in the ruins of the great fire? And then she remembered that there were others who were equally as sure that he had escaped. He was standing before her—no myth surely—looking at her with that slow sad, wistful smile she remembered so well, and she knew her heart was beating in his earnest blue eyes.

"Is this Mr. Roger Glendenning?" she gasped, involuntarily retreating a step and still gazing at him with those dilated eyes of hers. "Can it be?" her hand drooping heavily to her side.

He bowed humbly, and his head drooped low on his breast.

"That most unfortunate of persons," he answered, huskily, and the wonder crossed his mind vaguely, how could she have penetrated his disguise so quickly? He had quite forgotten that the water must have removed most of the dye.

She looked at him in pitiful embarrassment. He was her dear father's enemy. He had formed her father's name. They were natural foes. Still, he had risked his life to save hers. She owed him a debt of gratitude that could never be repaid.

He saw her hesitate, and he well knew the reason why. He could read the emotion in her face from the troubled expression of her eyes.

He held out his hand entreatingly. "I—I would have given my own lives if I had had them to have saved yours," he murmured. "But now that you know it is I, do you refuse to clasp my hand for one little moment, Olive—Miss Kneeland?"

She stood before him with drooping head and face deathly white, her whole frame trembling.

"It is not an honest hand," she replied. "It has been raised against my father to do him injury. How can I take it?"

"Forget that I have made the request," he replied, with sudden dignity blended with reproach, sinking back in his chair again, and covering his face with his hands.

At that moment one of the deck-hands entered, approached Glendenning, and remarked as he extended a bit of printed paper he held in his hand, and which apparently had been torn from some book or paper.

"You wanted this taken from the breast-pocket of your wet coat, dried, and handed you, sir. Here it is."

"Thank you!" murmured Glendenning, turning a shade paler as he saw Olive's eye rest on it. Fearing she might recognize it, as he had torn it from a paper she had once loaned him and which she was afterward looking for but never found, he being too insolent to admit that he had it, and carried it about with him in his breast-pocket, often reading it over and over again when alone by himself, for every word seemed to express his own unutterable longing.

Yes, Olive did recognize it at once. It was one of Frank L. Stanton's beautiful bits of tender sentiment, entitled: "Wearyin' For You."

A dull, chill pain seemed to seize Olive. She had brought herself to believe that he was utterly cruel and heartless—dead to all tender and gentle emotion. This was proof that he still had a vein of romance about him. And the dull pain at her heart grew more bitter as she wondered vaguely who Roger Glendenning loved. She could not bear the thought of it.

Wonder are strange creatures of impulse, wholly unreasoning at times. That she thought, he loved some one, had the power to turn her completely against him.

Turning slowly from his outstretched hand, with a haughty mien that he had never noticed before, she swept out of the cabin and down to the deck, and hurried toward the carriage in which she saw her father awaiting her.

It was an era in Olive Kneeland's life which she never afterward forgot. A thousand conflicting emotions filled his mind and seemed in her brain. Should she tell her father of her narrow escape from death, and who saved her? or should she simply mention that she had come face to face with Roger Glendenning?

The thought came to her how bitter he was against him, and she realized that in less time than it takes to tell it he would have him again under arrest for that forgery, and that would been a prison for the man she was now beginning to realize that she loved better than all the world, save her old father—he who was Roger Glendenning's relentless enemy.

Should she let him go free and cheat her father by her silence, or should she give him up?

She entered the carriage with unsteady steps, receiving his greeting constrainedly.

"Olive," he asked, suddenly, as she took her seat, "who was that young man I saw you talking to at the cabin window, and who came and looked after you? Who is he?"

Heaven pity her! How should she answer him? She could not tell a falsehood.

CHAPTER XVI.

Judge Kneeland repeated the question. "Who was the young man you were talking to by the cabin window, and who came and looked after you? Who is he?"

The girl tried to speak, but the name she would have uttered died away in her throat, leaving no sound.

How could she breath the words that would consign the man she loved to a prison cell, even though he was her own dear father were the bitterest of foes? No, she could not. She would die first.

"Why do you not answer? Did you not hear me?" exclaimed the judge, irritably.

Before he could conclude the sentence Olive's hand had fallen heavily forward on her breast, and she slipped from the seat beside him to his feet in a deathlike swoon.

The judge was the deeply frightened. He drove quickly to the nearest drug store, which, fortunately enough, was in close proximity, and restoratives were quickly applied, and in less than ten minutes later the judge was greatly relieved to see Olive open her eyes.

"Now, what in the world caused the girl to go off like that?" he mused, never dreaming that his question had so slightest thing to do with it. Finding that the great excitement which she had undergone during the past few days had told upon her, Olive begged that she might be left alone, which he consented to do, and left her, saying, "I have strange news to tell you about Roger Glendenning."

Olive tried to speak, but it seemed to her as if a hand heavy as death lay on her lips, and held them fast.

"Talk about your romances," went on the judge, quickly, "why, what I have just heard would make the future of a novelist, if one could get hold of it who could work it up right. You know some of us thought Roger was turned in that fire, while others felt sure he escaped."

Olive nodded faintly. Every word seemed like the sharp thrust of a sword through her heart. "Ah, Heaven! had her father recognized him?" It seemed like an age to her until he uttered the next words.

"I wish that I could ascertain his fate beyond all shadow of doubt," he went on, thoughtfully, "for I have just become through papers forwarded me to-day that he was entirely innocent of that forgery, and that his villainous brother Oscar was the real criminal. Oscar met with a terrible end—got on in Philadelphia, evidently, which resulted in his death a few hours later, and on his death-bed he made a full confession to a notary whom he had summoned. Now listen, Olive, and see if you have ever heard anything like it. This Oscar had got my name to a note, thinking he would have ample time to take it up ere it should fall due. In this he miscalculated, and on the day when it must leak out, he came and confessed to his brother Roger what he had done, throwing himself on his mercy to aid him in raising the money to take up the note and save himself. Roger, in his great indignation and anger, bitterly refused. Then the scheming younger brother thought of a clever plan to send Roger to state's will. He forged them and there that he, Oscar, had just promised marriage to you, Olive, and that you had that day accepted him, and that he discovered the existence of the forged note it would ruin his prospects.

"A lawyer and Roger Lucas took from the safe where they had left it, but not heeding it, her father went on:

"I happened to know that Roger himself loved you, my dear, for only an hour before Oscar came to him he had asked me if he might pay his addresses to you, and while the question was pending between us, and before I could give my consent, there was an interruption—a lawyer wished to consult me on important business. And by the time he had concluded his business, in came a man with this forged note (which was got up in Roger's handwriting) for payment. Here is the most wonderful, the most magnanimous part of the whole affair. Because he believed you loved his brother, and rather than bring unhappiness to you through him, Roger took the whole affair on his own shoulders and would have been sent to prison with closed lips had he not owned, or had he been found since. Such conduct simply amazes me. I have never before known such a case of self-sacrifice. It fairly appalls me. When I think of it. My mission to the 'Argus' office is to send detectives far and wide to find Roger Glendenning, if he is in the land of the living, and bring him back and restore him to public trust and confidence. I declare, it is certainly more wonderful than the general run of novels."

He was utterly shocked at the scene which followed.

Olive threw herself in his arms, clinging to him and weeping hysterically, though he could not begin to interpret the unintelligible words she was endeavoring to utter between her choking sobs and strange laughter.

"Olive!" he cried, "what are you trying to say? You remind me of a child of ten instead of a young woman of twenty."

She never knew in what words she told him, making him understand, at length, that it was Roger Glendenning whom he had seen at the cabin window.

The judge ordered the horses turned at once, and they drove back with all speed to the steamer, but they were too late. Roger Glendenning had already gone ashore.

Their search for him proved all in vain. If the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed him, he could have not been more completely hidden from them. Then they proceeded to advertise for him.

Roger Glendenning saw the advertisements, and smiled bitterly to himself, wondering if they thought him mad enough to walk with open eyes into the trap they had spread for him. Again and again he read the terse advertisement which contained but these few words:

"If Roger Glendenning will call at No. — Block Avenue he will learn of something greatly to his advantage."

"Some one has recognized me, and this are on the track," he muttered. "The only thing for me to do is to leave Albany with as little delay as possible."

This he was not about to do, for a later "personal" caught his eye, and held him enchanted with attention. It read as follows:

"Will Roger Glendenning please call at No. — Avenue, at his earliest convenience? Olive is dangerously ill and has asked for him. Tuesday afternoon."

Those words seemed to fire his brain, seemed to make his heart bound and swell with pain. Olive was ill! Olive dangerously ill! Then that was its worst, and to make the blood course madly through his veins.

Olive had sent for him; she wished to see him. That one thought was

(Continued on page 6.)

Canadian National Engineers Design Oil-Electric Locomotive

Radical economy in operating costs forms the prime objective of the Canadian National Railways newest design in locomotive, representing a revolutionary departure from present standards and practice, which has just been placed in service on the main line between Brockville and Belleville. This new locomotive presents a tremendous advance in the use of the oil-electric type of locomotive and forms a distinctive offering on the part of Canadian engineers towards the solution of the transportation problems of this continent. As the National System was the pioneer three years ago in placing in service the first oil-electric car of 200 horse-power rating, its engineers have maintained leadership by the introduction of this locomotive, new in character and design, for fast passenger and freight service.

The new locomotive is the further practical application of the use of fuel oil in railway transportation in which an engine is used to drive a generator for supplying electrical energy to the propulsion motors. Power and speed are obtained at costs far below those of coal-fired steam-driven locomotives.

The power developed by the oil engine is converted into electrical energy by the generator, transmitted to the traction motors geared to the driving axles, where it is utilized in developing traction effort and speed. With the present gear ratio, which was laid out for high speed passenger service, the locomotive will develop a tractive effort of 100,000 pounds during the accelerating periods. The electrical system of transmission gives horse-power over a wide range of speed and yet effort without a change of engine speed or shifting of gears.

Pa's Son-in-Law

AUG 20 — PA'S SON-IN-LAW — HE BREAKS INTO PRINT — BY WELLINGTON
RATS! 'CAUSE 'IH SAP WANDERS OUT, WHILE HE'S OFF HIS NUT AND BUYS A LOT O' BUM STOCK WITH MY MONEY, AN' 'IH STOCK HAS PENS T' GO UP, YOU THINK HE'S A FINANCIAL GENIUS? WELL— YOU'RE 'IH ONLY ONE THAT THINKS SO!
OH NO, I'M NOT PA! IT SEEMS TO BE THE CONSENSUS OF OPINION! LOOK!
DAILY EXPO BLAH
YOUNG FINANCIAL GENIUS WHENCE HIS FORESIGHT AND BUSINESS ACUMEN, LEANS TOWARDS IN STOCK MARKET DEALINGS. MIGHTY
YES-OLD THING, DUSCRIED KEEN FELLOW—THE DETECTIVE CHAP WHO WROTE THAT ARTICLE! RECOGNIZED ME FOAH JUST WHAT I AM, THE MOMENT HE SAW ME!
YEAH? THEN WHAT DID HE POINT ALL THIS APPLE SAUCE FOR?
AUG 21 — PA'S SON-IN-LAW LOOKS LIKE TOO MUCH PUBLICITY — BY WELLINGTON
NOW THAT CEDRIC HAS BEEN RECOGNIZED AS "THE PRESS AS A FINANCIAL GENIUS I JUST KNOW HE'LL BE BOTHERED TO DEATH BY PEOPLE COMING TO HIM TO SOLVE THEIR FINANCIAL PROBLEMS AND SHOW THEM HOW TO MAKE MONEY!
MELLA COME FO' SEE MISSY CEDLIC, MISSY MA!
OH, DEAR! I'LL BET THEY'VE STARTED ALREADY!
RATS!
YES'M, I SAW IN 'IH PAPER 'THAT YOUR SON-IN-LAW MADE A LOT O' DOUGH, AND—
AND YOU CAME TO CONSULT HIM ABOUT SOME FINANCIAL PROBLEM OF YOUR OWN, I SUPPOSE!
RIGHT! I WANTA CONSULT HIM ABOUT THIS $4.60 TAILOR'S BILL HE'S BEEN OWIN' FOR 'IH PAST THREE YEARS! AN' IT'S SURE BEEN SOME PROBLEM FOR US T' COLLECT IT!
AUG 22 — PA'S SON-IN-LAW — ENTER — LE FEMME — BY WELLINGTON
GOSH, 'IH BREAKS 'THAT SAP DOES GET HERE! HE'S PROCLAIMED A FINANCIAL GENIUS 'CAUSE HE SINKS A LOT O' MY COIN IN A BUM STOCK 'THAT JUST HAPPENS T' GO UP! AND WHEN HE BOUGHT IT, HE WAS PLUMB BROKE AN' BROKE! HE'D BEEN WANDERIN' 'ROUND TOWN FOR A WEEK, NOT KNOWIN' WHERE HE WENT NOR WHAT HE DID!
LADY ALL SHINE CLOSE TO SEE MISSY CEDLIC!
'LADY' IS RIGHT, BUT 'IH CHINK'S GOT 'IH NAME WRONG WHAT I WANTA SEE!
HIS NAME'S HENRY BLOTZ, HE TOLD ME—BUT HERE'S HIS PITCHER IN 'IH PAPER AN IT SAYS HE LIVES HERE. SO DON'T HAND ME NO HOOEY 'BOUT HIS NOT BEIN HERE!
WORRY NOT, SWEET CREATURE—HE IS HERE AND I'M SURE WILL BE DELIGHTED T' SEE YOU! I'LL CALL HIM!
FOR FARTHER DEVELOPMENTS SEE TOMORROW'S PAPER.

It Pays to Buy The Best

John Manville Slate Surfaced 4-in-1 Shingle and Roll Roofing

Will not Burn or Rot

D. B. WILSON

Phone 138.

DAVEY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVEY & ALLISON,

Next to Caton's

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,

Napanee, - Ontario

Vine's Electric Shop

DeForest Crossley Batteryless Radios, presenting a complete range of metal and walnut McLazan cabinets.

'Phone 367 and ask for a demonstration. You will be delighted with the wonderful tone of the built-in Peerless speaker. Every instrument in the orchestra is clearly defined.

Radio and car Batteries charged.

Radio supplies and accessories.

This is the time of the year for an Electric Heater. We have the cosy fire place type in a National Heater, and a new type Glo-Bar Heater.

We carry an up-to-date line of Fixtures and all electrical appliances.

Washing Machines.

House Wiring a Specialty.

Ask for an estimate on a few extra base plugs. Make your home comfortable for the winter. A well-wired house is a cheerful home.

For Sale Cheap—One three-tube Marconi Radio, and one two-tube Erla. Also a few good Loud Speakers. One Quebec Heater in good condition.

Vine's Electric Shop

MARKET SQUARE. 'Phone 367.

Residence 'Phone 112-F

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Prescription. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, ONT.

Highest prices paid for DRESSED POULTRY

V. COWLING

If Left to You

Any lady of sensitive feelings, when consulted about her Christmas wishes, will reply simply, "I leave it to you, dear."

And any lady, if she could be persuaded to express herself more fully would probably add: "Well, if you insist, could you make it Diamonds ?"

We have, among other interesting gifts, a charming display of Diamond Brooches. A gift such as this could not fail to solve your Christmas question in the happiest possible way.

J. D. Mayhew,

Diamonds - Watches

Free Demonstration!

—of—

Magic Baking Powder

will be given all week by a representative from E. W. Gillett & Co. Special instructions on cake making.

Be early — only 23 shopping days till Christmas.

All new goods now in.

PEELS, citron, lemon, Orange, candied circles and candied cherries.

RAISINS, puffed seeded, seeded, seedless Sultanas and Valencias, currants.

WALNUTS, new French Bordeau halves.

ALMONDS, new Tiger Jordan, Dates and Figs. Naval oranges.

For Quality Goods

F. E. Mellow & Co.

'Phone 354.

We Deliver.

Campbell House, Monday, Dec. 3rd.

J. B. KNIGHT

Will display a complete line of ladies' and gents'

HAIR GOODS

including Patent Structures

Advice on all Scalp Ailments and the use of Inecto Rapid.

Phone Hotel for Appointment

The W. T. Pember Stores

Limited

129 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONTARIO

MIGHTIER THAN WAR THE MOTOR CAR

BY ERWIN GREER

(President Greer College of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

The automobile is mightier than the machine gun, according to figures compiled by two safety people in a western service station. For the total number of American soldiers killed in the war from all causes were 77,118. The total number wounded were 221,059. But the total number of people killed in the United States since the war adds up to 106,218, while the total number injured is 450,000.

Interesting figures, eh ? Well, what can we do about it ? Answer is : NOTHING ! until we—

Eliminate the drunken driver ; Abolish the under-age driver ; Get rid of the beat-the-train driver ;

Run the road hog into a bottomless ditch ;

Teach the non-signaliny driver motor sign language ;

Beat the smartness out of the smart aleck driver ;

Throw the bootegger driver behind the bars for fifty years ;

Convince the speeder that he is not in such a hurry after all ;

Step on the slow driver's rear bumper to speed him up so as not to impede traffic ;

Equip the one-light driver's car with three lights instead of two ;

And just naturally pound some common ordinary horse-sense into the bone-headed driver's head, even if we have to use a sledge hammer.

But who will do al these things? I can't and neither can you.

Perhaps you, reader, have a better solution.

Let's hear it !

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a. m.—Fellowship and sacramental service.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday school.

7 p.m.—Evening worship. Minister's sermon, "God and Company Unlimited."

Monday to Friday nights inclusive, Dec. 5-7 Standard Training School in Trinity Church School Rooms.—7.30 p.m.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Santa Claus

Will be at the Selkirk Store on Thursday, Dec. 6th, at 4 p.m. He is a jolly old fellow and would like to meet all the children and their parents. 52-d

Accident in Storm.

A wet, heavy snowstorm caused a motor accident west of Marysville early Thursday morning when three members of one car were severely cut with flying glass. James Wooden and R. S. Robertson, Tyendinaga, and Ted Bailey, of Napanee, were those injured. They were taken to Dr. Sargent's surgery at Shannonville. Wooden's car was coming west and a truck from Ottawa was eastbound. Vision was poor owing to the snow clinging to the windshields and the cars sideswiped, throwing the Wooden car into the ditch.

Training School.

The second annual Training School for Napanee and district will be held in Trinity United Church from Monday, Dec. 3rd, to Friday, Dec. 7th, each night at 7.30. Four subjects are to be taught :—The Old Testament, by Rev. A. J. Wilson ; The Teachers' Study of the Life of Christ, by Rev. H. Pawson; Training the Devotional Life, by Rev. W. Woodger and Young People's Methods and Materials, by Rev. J. E. Beckel. Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, of Newburgh, is director, Mrs. Frank Mills, Napanee, is Registrar, Rev. J. E. Beckel is Secretary. Any information required can be secured from any of the officers or staff.

Police Court.

A resident of Napanee was sent down for six months for intoxication, third offence.

P. E. Fitzpatrick, an employee of McGinnis & O'Connor, on Robin's hill, appeared before the County Magistrate on Monday charged with assault occasioning bodily harm. The assault was committed on Saturday on Mr. Ross Paul and arose in a dispute over payment for earth drawn from the hill and used for filling a low place at Paul's garage. Fitzpatrick hit Mr. Paul several times, knocking him through a plate glass window and badly injuring him. On his appearance before the magistrate he pleaded guilty to the charge and will come up for sentence Tuesday afternoon.

Two residents of Camden were brought in by the Provincial Police on Sunday charged with stealing a fox skin, and having furs out of season. They were remanded for a week on bail of $1000 each.

Married at Vennachar.

Vennachar United Church, in northern Addington, was the scene of a charming wedding when Jenet Mae, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Ball, and Mr. Arthur Ready, Toronto, son of Mr. and Mrs. Moulton Kingston, were united in marriage by Rev. P. A. Scott. The bride wore a gown of white georgette with veil of tulle and orange blossoms, and carried Butterfly roses and lillies of the valley. Miss M. E. Ball, of Kingston, was maid of honor, gowned in green georgette trimmed with velvet, with hat to match and carrying yellow mums. The bridesmaids were Miss Lucy Ball, sistter of the bride, and Miss Edna Glaeser, cousin, both in pink, and carrying old fashioned bouquets. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Andrew Ready. A buffet lunch was served at the home of the bride's parents to about one hundred and seventy-five guests. Among the guests were many from Toronto, Kingston, Owego, N.Y., Napanee, and White Lake. The groom's gift to the bride was a pendant ; to the bridesmaids, maid of honor, Mrs. Arthur Mann, organist and soloist, bracelets, and to the best man, cuff links. After a trip the couple will reside in Toronto.

A Birthday Event at Moscow.

It was a pleasant and sociable gathering that took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everton L. VanLuven, Moscow, on Sunday, November 25th, 1928, in honor of "the twins" (VanLuven Bros.) who were born at Moscow on Nov. 23rd, 1858, seventy years ago, and who are referred to in the History of Lennox and Addington, by Mr. Herrington, K.C., as being "as like as two peas" when young, and who have been continuously and agreeably the under-age driver since 1886, 42 years, sharing the burdens, joys and sorrows together. Besides the twins there were present Mr. and Mrs. Harry VanLuven and two children from Napanee ; Mr. and Mrs. Wray VanLuven and little Barbara, and Mrs. T. F. VanLuven ; also Mr. and Mrs. Hunter and Miss Ritchie, from Kingston, to partake of the good things prepared, and to rejoice at the partial recovery to health, after being confined to the hospital, Everton for nearly seven weeks in July and August, and Egerton since Dec. 7th last. A telegram with best wishes and greetings from the younger brother, Earl, who resides in Colton, California, and many greetings were received by mail and telephone, also personally.

We have the Agency for the Connor Electric and hand washers.

45-tf SPENCER & SON.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. J. E. Beckel, Pastor.

Anderson's, 9. at 10 ; preaching service at 11.30.

Bay Bay—3. at 1.30 ; preaching at 2.30. Rev. H. Pawson, of Napanee will preach.

Sand Hill—Preaching service 2.30.

Gretna—8. S. at 10.30; Preaching service at 7.30.

Attention !

Clothes cleaned and pressed. Orders left will receive prompt attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bridge St. East.

50-5p A. S. HAMILTON.

Logs Wanted.

Bring your maple, elm and basswood logs to the Gibbard Furniture Shops. Highest price paid. Custom sawing at McFarlane's mill near railway tracks. Prompt service, and take your lumber home the same day. 34-tf

Bazaar and Euchre.

The annual Bazaar and Euchre by the Guild of St. Mary Magdalene Church,, which will be held in the Town Hall on Thursday, Dec. 6th, will be more attractive than ever this year with its splendid array of fancy work, novelties, candy, cooked food and aprons. Special bargains in used clothing and household effects will be found in the bargain basement. Afternoon tea will be served in the evening a Euchre will be held. 1-a

Napanee Bridge Record.

A deals, makes one Club.

B, one Heart.

C, one Spade.

D, three Diamonds.

A and B pass.

C makes three Spades.

D, makes six Diamonds.

A doubles and leads King of Clubs. B and C follow suit, D trumps with two of Diamonds. So ended the play. C, the dummy, has the Ace of Hearts and D the five of Hearts with eleven Diamonds left with Ace and King at the top.

Mrs. Rhoda Frizzell.

Died at her home near Tamworth on Nov. 6th, 1928, Mrs. Rhoda Frizzell, relict of the late Amos Frizzell. Deceased was in her sixty-fifth year and resided in the Township of Sheffield for the past forty years. She was a daughter of the late Andrew Rikley of the Township of Camden. The late Mrs. Frizzell will be remembered by her many friends for her charitable acts and her kindness and attention to the sick and needy in the neighborhood. She is survived by four sons and two married daughters, Mrs. Dr. Burrows, of Marlbank and Mrs. John Cook, of Sheffield Township. The funeral services, which were largely attended, were conducted by the Rev. S. T. Beckstead of the United Church on Nov. 10th. Interment took place in the family plot Western cemetery, Tamworth.

Dominion Bank to Issue One Million Dolars New Capita Stock.

Notices are being mailed today to shareholders of the Dominion Bank, announcing an issue of One Million Dollars new capital stock to shareholders of record December 31st, 1928. There is no special significance in this action by the Board of Directors. The issue is made simply to keep pace with the development of the country and the steady growth in the Bank's own business. The new shares are beig issued at 200 which will give rights of considerable value to the Bank shareholders as the stock is at present selling in the neighborhood of 270. When the new shares are fully paid up the Bank's capital will be $7,000,000 and the Reserve Fund $9,000,000. It is felt that the shareholders will take advantage of the new issue. Canadian Bank stocks provide an excellent investment, but have been somewhat neglected during the past year or so for securities in many cases of a more spectacular character."

Winning Success in England.

Picton, November 22—Dr. G. W. Morden, M.A., Ph. D., for many years a teacher in the collegiate institute, has been appointed technical advisor to a new British corporation which will manufacture non-inflammable celluloid. This company, known as The Cellulose Acetate Silk Company, Limited, has its plant installed for the manufacture of acetate of cellulose that is the highest quality, and the following products are being manufactured under the direct supervision of Dr. Morden : non-inflammable safety celluloid, non-inflammable films, artificial silk, splinterless glass that will not discolor, lacquer and varnishing paint, and many other articles. The stock was put on the market during recent weeks and was oversubscribed by 50 per cent. Applications for patents have been taken out by Dr. Morden for Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland and Italy. Another Prince Edwarder who is prominently behind this commercial venture is Colonel Grant Morden, a well known figure in London financial circles.

Why not choose your Christmas gifts early this year ? When stocks are complete, and you have more time to select, merry worry that comes with last minute shopping won't exist for you. To help you, we are now showing a very large assortment of useful articles as Waterman's Ideal fountain pens, priced from $2.75 to $7.00 ; Parker's at similar prices ; Ivory and Pearl Handle Mirrors, from $3.75 to $6.00 ; Embossed packages Stationery from 5c. to $6.00 ; Yardley preparations in gift boxes ; gold plated compacts ; imported perfumes, and dozens other exceptionally suitable gifts. At Wallace's, Napanee's Leading Drug Store.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

Services Sunday, Dec. 2nd. Services at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday school 11.45 a.m.

Young People's Society every Monday evening at 7.30.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Mid-week Bible Class. Studies in "Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress."

Correction.

Richmond Minutes should have read "Meeting Monday, Dec. 3rd.) instead of the 4th.

The Napanee Express.

Will be sent to any address in Canada from now until the end of 1929 for ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS. Subscribe now and receive the balance of this year FREE.

Card of Thanks.

Mr and Mrs. Thos. Manion and family wish to express their heartfelt thanks to their many friends for the kindness and sympathy extended to them in the death of their daughter, Mary Francis, which occurred at Oshawa on Nov. 16th. They also wish to acknowledge floral offerings from the Boys of the Carpenter Shop of the General Motors, Oshawa ; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCabe and family Oshawa; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blakely, Oshawa ; Mrs. H. Wemith, Napanee; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Scott, C. N. R. staff, Napanee ; Police Dept. of General Motors, Oshawa, Mr. and Mrs. Tierney and family, Oshawa; Fred and Carol Young, Oshawa ; The Teaching Staff West Ward School, Napanee.

The next meeting of the Hospital Aid Society will be held at the home of Mrs. J. E. Robinson on Saturday, Dec. 1st, at 3 p.m.

Miss Winnifred Brandon, Morven, was the winner of the pea coal contest which was inaugurated by Mr. W. S. Wilson a few weeks ago.

Mrs. David Kelly, a well-known resident of Union street, died in Kingston General Hospital on Wednesday. Deceased was a lifelong resident of Napanee.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal with its wonderful improvements has no peer as an agricultural paper on this Continent. The best Canadian farmers know that.

An Afternoon Tea will be held in the Argyll Hall on Dec. 3rd, at 3.30 o'clock, under the auspices of the Napanee Women's Institute. A good program is being prepared. Members of all outside branches are cordially invited.

The Sunday school class of A.O.T.S. of Grace church made Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Mailer a beautiful gift of china on the occasion of their twentieth wedding anniversary. Mr. Mailer has been the teacher of the class since its formation.

The Napanee Rotary Club held a ladies' night on Tuesday evening last, at the Campbell House, when the wives of the members and a few friends were entertained. Judge Geo. E. Deroche, of Belleville, was the speaker for the occasion.

Parker Duofold Fountain Pens and Pencils make good acceptable gifts. Select one from our very complete stock. The new colors—Blue, Yellow and mottled Red-Black and Black in Parker's is combined beauty with years of continued service. Wallace's, agents for Parker and Waterman Pens.

THE APT ANSWER.

Shaw Scores Another "Hit" at America's Expense.

Mr. George Bernard Shdw has scored another "hit" at the expense of a correspondent. An American wrote, telling him that he proposed to organize the Shavian Society, "an asylum for the sane."

Back came a note from the great playwright, saying : "In reply to your letter . . . Mr. Bernard Shaw desires me to say that an asylum for the sane would be empty in America."

Repartee in correspondence seems to be a playwright's specialty, for a classical case of this is a letter sent by Sir W. S. Gilbert, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame. A jam manufacturer, whose estate lay next Gilbert's, complained that Sir William's peacocks had been poaching on his preserves. The reply he received was:

"I am sorry my gamekeeper has been poaching on your preserves. Pardon the word 'preserves'."

But the spoken retort is, perhaps, more effective than the written. Once, indeed, was the rebuke that a young lady drew on herself when she visited Beethoven's house a year or two ago. She sat down at the composer's piano and played a few bars. As she was leaving the custodian of the place remarked that Beethoven had been in that room recently.

"And did he play on that piano?" asked the lady.

"Yes," was the reply. "He said he was not worthy to touch it."

Apples in Cartons.

British Columbia apples are now marketed in an up-to-date way from coast to coast in all the larger cities of Canada. Under the new plan British Columbia apple service stations will be established in all the chief cities where apples will be kept cool and in best condition. British Columbia apples will be distributed from these stations in a new style, in cartons, for the small buyer. All selling will be done through retailers, who will be supplied daily.

Working-Girl Novelist.

Kathleen Woodward, the former work-girl, who wrote the "Life of Queen Mary," has done a novel about the east end of London, "Jipping street," for Longmans. It is based on her early life.

Use a Lot of Coal.

A million tons of coal are consumed every year by the Gas Light & Coke Co., which has provided London with gas for over a century.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS-TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS

Phone 38 Napanee

Rogers Batteryless Radio.

The Radio with a reputation for quality and selectivity From $125 up—no batteries, no chemicals. "Just plug in, then tune in."

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit ; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me so have I loved you ; continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. This is my commandment that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John 15, 7-14.

BIBLE LOVER.

The Napanee Express.

Will be sent to any address in Canada from now until the end of 1929 for ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS. Subscribe now and receive the balance of this year FREE.

Ovaltine, formerly 60c., now 50c. ; the 90c. size, now 75c., and the $1.50 size now $1.25 at Wallace's, Napanee's Leading Drug Store.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Norma Talmage whose latest picture is a modern version of the Dumas classic, "Camille," produced by Joseph M. Schenck for First National.

Also a two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Men and women of fifteen nations participated in the making of Paramount's production starring Pola Negri in "Loves of an Actress."

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Flash, three-year-old police dog, appears in "Under the Black Eagle," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

PLAZA BARBER SHOP

(John Street)

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Complete barbering service for ladies and gentlemen

BERT. MOWERS

47-dp

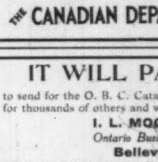
No Change in the Price Hair Cut 35c.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST

John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)



PUNCH AND JUDY PERFORMANCES

Hooray ! Here's Punch and Judy

and Toby the dog, and the clown and the policeman ! A dandy show for young or old —Just one day, Dec. 1st, 10 and 11 a.m., 1.30 and 3.30 p.m. No admission charge.

2nd floor.

THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES LIMITED

IT WILL PAY YOU WELL

to send for the O. B. C. Catalogue and see what we have done for thousands of others and what we can do for you. Address

I. L. MOORE, Principal

Ontario Business College, Limited

Belleville, Ontario

Christmas Suggestions

12 Photographs

12 Lovely Gifts

Make your appointment now

The rush has started

The Skitch Studio

The Personal Element in Banking Affairs

BETWEEN the curtness and coldness of printed bank forms and the human element for whose use they are designed, are vast opportunities for the banker to give personal assistance. The Bank of Commerce, through the members of its staff, is anxious to use any opportunity that arises to demonstrate its value in offering personal advice on financial matters. The local manager of The Bank of Commerce will be glad to give intimate counsel upon money matters pertaining to your business.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

with which is amalgamated

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

For Colds

BAYER

ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. (Asetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

We are in the midst of the Christmas sale season and the wise woman will find many pretty gifts on the gay counters. But don't buy at random unless you have a very long list of friends to be remembered, for you will find that your purchases won't fit. The hand embroidered handkerchief will come in for some one to be sent a small but dainty gift, but you may find that it is not quite as suitable for another friend who last year gave you a new book. There is another point about sales; you get so many new ideas. Still, don't steal them outright. Buy the article you fancy, take the idea and make more of the novelties in different shades and you will find that the visit to the sale was a profitable one for you. One of the great difficulties about the Christmas bazaar is the pricing of the articles. A certain percentage off for work and for material does not always bring a fair return for your labor. Embroidery, well done, knitting that took many hours should receive due payment. It is all very well to say 'I give my time to the church.' But do you? Don't you give it to someone who has perhaps more time and money than you have if the articles you have spent many hours in making is sold at a price that counts your work as little? Some very pretty gifts can be made quickly by clever fingers and a paint brush. The skill and the talent counts here. There has always been an outcry about the high price of the articles at Christmas and other sales, but my experience is that most of the articles are marked below value.

* * * *

If Miss Sayle of the Van Mission comes to your town go to hear her, whatever church you belong to, for few are many a 450-mile walk "North of the Peace," with Miss Easell, the bright English-woman, who at her own expense starts the Van Mission and the Sunday School by post in the west in 1920, is well worth hearing and is told with a delightful humor that one seldom hears in missionary addresses. These young women of independent means, usually run a van on a Ford truck. But as Miss Sayle said "This year Henry" was so busy with Queen Elizabeth that we couldn't get the truck in time, and after waiting a few weeks we went to Edmonton and on by rail and car as far as possible and then walked." When they came back the van was ready and they started out in that and drove 1,400 miles. "We were very glad to give up walking, we had enough for one summer," said Miss Sayle, who is speaking in Eastern Ontario in interest people in the work. Nine vans are operating now and Canadian girls from Ottawa, Toronto and Vancouver have joined the happy Englishwomen who make a joke of hardships which would certainly deter most of us. In an area of 10,000 square miles there is one young United Church minister and one Anglican and they to hold services. Miss Easell has been licensed by the bishops of the dioceses in which she works to read the services of the Church of England and to preach. She enlists the services of the girls who teach in the far away corners of the west and when a school teacher holds a class on Friday afternoon for religious instruction. "We visit all the people, we do not ask what their religion is, and we tell the children the story of Christ coming to earth as a little child. Many of the little ones hardly know what Christmas means, their parents have almost forgotten. Hard work and often misfortune seems to have driven the lessons learned in their own childhood out of their minds, but they are glad to hear us and promise to help the children in the answers to the questions in the Sunday School by post."

* * * *

The older ladies who learned to do tatting when it was fashionable, will find many pupils now, for tatting is the thing of the moment for towel ends, edging and indeed is used in several ways. We saw a very attractive buffet set of heavy linen embroidered in heavy white and gold silk and each piece was edged with tatting, done with fairly coarse cotton and about three fourths of an inch deep.

* * * *

Miss Joyce Wolton, of the Foxlease Girl Guide Training School in England, a "red corder," that is one who is entitled to wear a red cord, has returned from England to give training to various groups of Canadian Guides. Miss Wolton has come on a similar mission on other occasions and is much beloved by the Guides who have trained under her Girl Guides, Canadian Girls in Training and similar organizations are much needed today. Girls who take an interest in physical training and sports and live up to the ideals of these societies are a great asset to Canada.

* * * *

You can get the patterns for the animals and dolls that can be made for the small children out of factory cotton or felt. Yes, you can buy these always acceptable toys, but the ones you make are much stronger and cheaper. A doll made in this way with a gingham frock was the delight of one small girl who received it on her birthday and hoped she would get a bunny for Christmas. If you are far from pattern shops you can get the patterns yourself if you are clever and paint the face of the doll and line the ears of the rabbit with pink and make button eyes.

* * * *

If you can lay claim to the right to wear a tartan you can be loyal to your clan and fashionable at the same time. Sports costumes of tartan are worn and scarfs and bags to match are made of the tartan of your clan are much in vogue.

* * * *

The Women's Institutes have done a splendid piece of work in placing a doctor at Tobermory at the extreme end of the Bruce Peninsula. Those of us who have visited that lonely spot, Newburgh, miles from a railroad, will realize what a blessing his services will be.

* * * *

Jesus saith, I am the vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he pargeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me, ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered and men gather and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." John 15:1-6

Help somebody, to-day.
Somebody along life's way;
Let sorrow be ended,
The friendless befriended,
Oh, help somebody today.

A TICKLISH SITUATION.

Bennett Was Fortunate Lion Didn't Eat Him.

It may not be generally known to the admirers of Hon. R. B. Bennett that he is a sportsman of no mean ability, but it is a fact that he has contrived to find the time to do considerable hunting and fishing in spite of his arduous political duties. But, like most good sportsmen, he seldom boasts of his exploits in field and stream.

A close friend of Mr. Bennett and a companion of his earlier days vouches for the following story, says an article in the Toronto Star Weekly. One autumn, now some years ago, when Mr. Bennett was living in Alberta, he went up into the mountains on a hunting trip together with a party of cowboys who knew every foot of the ground and to use all the lore of the wilderness, as the young Bennett, of course, was, savored of polite patronage. They were after mountain sheep and other game, and the cowboys had pretty good luck from the start, while nothing whatever fell to Mr. Bennett's rifle until the fourth day.

Then — wonder of wonders — he shot an antelope. The woods and underbrush were thick and almost impenetrable there—it was a region of rocks and canyons — but young deadeye insisted upon searching for his kill himself. He girded up his loins and went forth into the wilderness and by the time he had located his antelope darkness had fallen and he found that he was lost. A shot from his rifle would probably have brought his companions, but he hated to admit defeat—didn't want those patronizing plainsmen to think that his knowledge of the woods had failed him. So he made up his mind to spend the night where he was and find his way back by daylight. He went to bed under a tree, with his kill spread out in front of him, like a small boy with his favorite toy, and he slept soundly until daylight. But lo, when he awakened what was his surprise to discover that there was nothing left of his precious antelope but a heap of bones! The tracks of a huge mountain lion encircling the skeleton established the identity of the thief.

"I never knew why he didn't eat me, too," Mr. Bennett is reported to have said, with an air of profound puzzlement, adding: "Guess he filled up on antelope and didn't want any dessert!"

Growth of Fishes.

Fishes grow very rapidly, and sometimes to an enormous extent. Perhaps the most remarkable example is that of a smolt which, liberated when weighing only an ounce, turned the scale at 3½ pounds when recaptured fourteen months later — an increase of 5,600 per cent. for the period.

Scarcely less striking is the case of a Ness salmon which, weighing 8 pounds and measuring 35 inches when taken out and marked, was found, six months later, to have increased its weight to 23 pounds and its length to 38 inches. A sea-trout, marked and put into the water at Coquet, Northumberland, was found to have doubled its weight, but without adding to its length, when taken out of the water forty-nine days later at Aberdeen.

YES— you can easily make the most delicious Cakes, Biscuits, Doughnuts, Cookies, etc. with MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA — CONTAINS NO ALUM

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

PERSONALS

Miss Ila Hambly, Alexandria, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hambly.

Miss Lulu Stevens, Rochester, N.Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Chas. Stevens, River road.

Mrs. Russell Cousins, of Adolphustown, is visiting her parents at Galt.

Messrs. F. W. Barrett, Bert Seymour, Jas. McGillivray and Harry Seymour motored to Gravenhurst on Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Allison and little daughter are visiting relatives in Ottawa.

Mrs. J. R. Dafoe has returned from visiting her daughter in Toronto.

Miss Mildred Harrington, of the Kingston general hospital, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Harrington.

Mrs. Elgin McLean and baby, Ottawa, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hudson, Desceronto road.

Dr. L. Lewis, F. Riman, Jas. A. Wilsbn and Herbert Plumley spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. Jas. Laughland attended the winter fair in Toronto last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hambly spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Dr. Jos. H. Acton, of New York, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tustin, Piety Hill.

Messrs. Will Cranston, Robt. Merrill, and Orton Robertson, of Sillsville, attended the Winter Fair in Toronto last week.

Miss Rutan, Tyrker, is the guest of Mrs. C. D. VanAlstyne.

Mr. Geo. Shibley is in Toronto for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Henderson, Newburgh road, attended the Winter Fair in Toronto last week.

Rev. and Mrs. Harry Pawson, and Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Woodger were in Toronto last Thursday attending a banquet given in honour of Rev. Dr. John Line, newly appointed Professor in Victoria College, a former associate of Mr. Pawson and Mr. Woodger in the work of the Earlscourt churches under Rev. Dr. Peter Bryce.

Mrs. H. W. Smith is visiting her uncle in Cleveland who is quite ill.

Captain Douglas Ham, who has been home on furlough for the past eight months, left yesterday for Kamptee, Central India, where he will re-join his regiment. Captain Ham intended returning to India a month ago, but was detained on account of illness.

Mrs. Andrew Penny, Mrs. M. P. Husband, and Messrs. Kenneth Penny and Fred Husband, of Empey Hill, motored to Syracuse on Friday and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Boyce.

Mrs. F. E. VanLuven and Helen are spending the winter in New York.

Miss Mary Fraser, who has been the guest of Mrs. W. T. Waller for several weeks, returned to Westmount, Que., on Monday.

BIRTHS

Boyle—At Napanee, on Saturday, November 24th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Boyle, a son.

Wright—At Sillsville, on Tuesday, November 20th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wright, a son.

Brooks—At Sillsville, on Tuesday, November 20th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brooks, a daughter.

DEATHS

Allen—At Huttonville, Sunday, November 25th, 1928, Elizabeth Jane Marlin, widow of the late Albert A. Allen, late of Maribank. Funeral took place at Maribank on Tuesday, Nov. 27th. Services at United Church.

Mills—On Friday, November 23rd, 1928, Dr. Charlton Mills, 1249 Bloor Street West, Toronto, beloved son of Mrs. Mills and the late David Mills, formerly of Napanee and Petrolia, Ontario.

Clancy—At Camden, on Thursday, November 22nd, 1928, Claude Clancy, aged 34 years, 10 months.

Kelly—At Kingston general hospital, on Wednesday, November 21st, 1928, Alzina Walker, beloved wife of Mr. David Kelly, aged 63 years, 11 months.

Card—At Napanee, on Sunday, November 25th, 1928, Ellen Card, widow of the late John Card, aged 91 years, 5 months.

A Brownie Camera for your boy or girl! Nothing could give them more lasting pleasure, and the keen delight they will take in "Picture Making" will more than compensate you. Prices as low or lower than anywhere else. Wallace's Drug Store, agents by special appointment of the Kodak Company.

Back In Civil Life.

A curious meeting took place recently in London, England, between a wealthy man, who had served as a private in the war, and his former major. When the first man went to visit his brother and the door was opened by a butler he fascinated in surprise, "Good heavens, Major! How are you, sir?" From that moment he has always called the butler "Sir." The butler calls his former private "Sir" also. The two men are on excellent terms.

Gilsonite.

Gilsonite, a strange mineral used in making telephone mouthpieces, electrical insulation, paint and knobs, is mined only in the state of Utah.

Rhino Comes High.

According to recent London quotations on rare animals for zoos the rhinoceros is the most expensive creature in the animal market.

Existing Without Food.

Scorpions are known to have started for 368 days, and spiders have existed for seventeen months without food.

Goloshes! Goloshes!

Life-Buoy
Gooderich
Miner

Best fitting Overshoes obtainable. We have them. Best variety to choose from.

LOW BLACK GOLOSHES, fleece lined Priced Special $2.29

SEE our wonderful range of GOODERICH ZIPPERS. Insist on them. Our $2.95 range is complete and stylish.

Our QUEENE Overshoes FIT.

Men's Buckle Cashmerette Goloshes..... Priced $1.89

Men's Buckle Cashmerette Goloshes..... Priced $2.69

See our range of Men's and Women's Mitts and Gloves.

The Haines Shoe House,

Largest Dealers in Shoes in this district.

NAPANEE

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

THE OPEN BEDROOM WINDOW

One of the heally striking changes in personal habits which has occurred within recent years is the habit of opening the bedroom window at night.

It is not so many years ago since the windows were closed, with the coming of cold weather. Indeed, many persons stuffed the few cracks around the windows to make sure that no air came in from outside. That was the time when a sick person was protected from cool, fresh air, as if one mouthful of it would cause his death.

We may forget that tuberculosis was the rat disease which was fought by education. Other diseases had been fought by police measures, by compulsion. People were forced to improve living and work-places; they were obliged to install sanitary conveniences; if they suffered from a communicable disease, they were isolated whether they wished to be or not.

The fight against tuberculosis has not been along this line. In place of force, persuasion, by means of education, was used. The educational work has been limited to those suffering from tuberculosis, but has extended to all. From the start, the value of fresh air was stressed and we were advised to open our bedroom windows in order to benefit by and enjoy hours of sleep in the fresh air, thus lessening the chances of the occurrence of tuberculosis.

It is true that fresh air, day and night, is good. We know that the old idea of night air being bad is not true. At night, we miss the sunshine; that is the only difference. Those who sleep with bed-room windows open do so because they like it, because, when the windows are open, they sleep better, they feel better and they ARE better.

The window is, of course, opened with consideration for the temperature and the wind. If a fraction of an inch on a cold, windy night allows a slight current of cool air to pass through the room, that is sufficient. Fresh air is one of the valuable things that may be had simply for the effort o flaking it.

Keep the bed-room window open!

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

SOME QUEER FISHES.

Many Wonders Are to Be Found In the Ocean's Depths.

Alaska has a fish which, when dried, can be used as a candle. The electric eel is so called because of a kind of electric point at the tip of its tail. Seven of these will shock a man enough to stun a man, says the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle. The angler fish is the "wind-in-the-wigs" of Ireland. Its body is camouflaged like seaweed, and as it lies on the sea bed it can give off a red light which attracts curious fish on which the "angler" feeds.

The eyes of soles and plaice move about their bodies when young. In early days they swim upright with an eye on each side. In some cases the eye is believed to have passed right through the body.

It is from the cuttlefish that we get our beautiful sepia color. It is ejected as a sort of fluid. One species of shark grows to fully 40 feet in length, and is quite harmless.

A crab caught, marked, and then released, was found to have travelled from Cromer to Flamborough Head (England), over 100 miles away, while a plaice has been proved to have travelled well over 200 miles in but a month or two.

The waters around Hong Kong have a fish with almost a human-looking head, and which gives a cry almost like that of a baby.

Call - See - Hear!

New Radio Discovery!

COME in. Let us tune in the new Philco for you. A new thrill in radio performance awaits you! Neutrodyne-Plus—Philco's radio discovery—gives tone, selectivity and distance which is *new to radio.* Call and *hear.*

A Handsome Combination

The specially designed tone chamber of the Console Grand Speaker gives amazing emphasis to Philco's life-like quality of tone. Shown here with Philco Table Model cabinet in COLOR. A popular combination — *and at a price!*

In Color!

Vivid color! Radio cabinets to match the decorations in your home! Your choice of five colors.

Free Home Trial

Yes, we'll deliver the Philco for you to try *in your own home free!* No charge—no obligation. Use it. Let your family and friends hear it. Then decide. If not delighted, we will take the Philco back.

Easy Payments

If satisfied—only a small down payment. Balance in *easy monthly payments* you'll never even miss!

Trade-In Offer

A *liberal trade-in allowance* for your old set. Come in and see what it is worth in trade.

PHILCO Electric RADIO

Come in *tomorrow.* See and hear the Philco. Get our offer. No obligation.

DON SCOTT, Agent
John Street, - Napanee

She "CLOCKS" the Telephone

THIS YOUNG LADY'S JOB is to "clock" the telephone service. She sits there with her decimeter stop watch and measures to tenths of a second the time taken to complete a call. Other "clockers" record the errors made, the speed with which "trouble" is repaired, all the items of telephone efficiency.

If speed and efficiency are not constantly on the climb these are the people who know it first and then there is a grand hunt to find out what's gone wrong.

It is a good game. It gets results. That is why your telephone serves you better this year than it did last year, and next year will serve you better than now. That is why it has contributed its share to Canadian progress.

FOR EXAMPLE, seven years ago the average interval from the time you lifted your telephone receiver until the operator answered was 5.1 seconds. Today the clocker finds the interval cut to 3.7 seconds. Tomorrow it will be still less.

Seven years ago there were 95 slow calls in every 1,000—a slow call being one in which the operator takes ten seconds or more to answer. Today there are only 33 in every thousand.

The number of errors of all kinds has been reduced from 40 in every 1,000 calls to 16, which is over ninety-eight per cent perfect.

FIVE YEARS AGO you ran 27 chances in every 1,000 calls of getting the wrong number. That is down now to 13 chances in 1,000, or nearly 99 times out of the 100 right.

There are only two chances in a thousand now that you will be cut off. There were five chances in a thousand, five years ago.

There used to be eight times in a thousand calls when you would break in on somebody else's conversation. Now there are only two such double connections per thousand.

THERE ARE "CLOCKERS" at work in other directions too and here are some of the things they have recorded.

The time taken to repair "trouble" on a line now has been cut to one-third of the time taken five years ago.

The time taken to install a new telephone used to be three hours and forty-five minutes. It has been cut now to one hour and forty-five minutes. That means something in hours saved, with 139,000 telephones installed in Ontario and Quebec this year.

PRETTY GOOD results. But the clocker isn't satisfied. Nobody in the telephone business is ever satisfied with today's mark. The system tomorrow must always be better to keep pace with the Canada of tomorrow.

Published by The Bell Telephone Company of Canada to tell you something about the telephone business and the people in it.

227

For Colds

BAYER

ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. (Asetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

We are in the midst of the Christmas sale season and the wise woman will find many pretty gifts on the gay counters. But don't buy at random unless you have a very long list of friends to be remembered, for you will find that your purchases won't fit. The hand embroidered handkerchief will come in for some one to be sent a small but dainty gift, but you may find that it is not quite as suitable for another friend who last year gave you a new book. There is another point about sales; you get so many new ideas. Still, don't steal them outright. Buy the article you fancy, take the idea and make more of the novelties in different shades and you will find that the visit to the sale was a profitable one for you. One of the great difficulties about the Christmas bazaar is the pricing of the articles. A certain percentage off for work and for material does not always bring a fair return for your labor. Embroidery, well done, knitting that took many hours should receive due payment. It is all very well to say 'I give my time to the church.' But do you? Don't you give it to someone who has perhaps more time and money than you have if the articles you have spent many hours in making is sold at a price that counts your work as little? Some very pretty gifts can be made quickly by clever fingers and a paint brush. The skill and the talent counts here. There has always been an outcry about the high price of the articles at Christmas and other sales, but my experience is that most of the articles are marked below value.

* * * *

If Miss Sayle of the Van Mission comes to your town go to hear her, whatever church you belong to, for few are many a 450-mile walk "North of the Peace," with Miss Easell, the bright English-woman, who at her own expense starts the Van Mission and the Sunday School by post in the west in 1920, is well worth hearing and is told with a delightful humor that one seldom hears in missionary addresses. These young women of independent means, usually run a van on a Ford truck. But as Miss Sayle said "This year Henry" was so busy with Queen Elizabeth that we couldn't get the truck in time, and after waiting a few weeks we went to Edmonton and on by rail and car as far as possible and then walked." When they came back the van was ready and they started out in that and drove 1,400 miles. "We were very glad to give up walking, we had enough for one summer," said Miss Sayle, who is speaking in Eastern Ontario in interest people in the work. Nine vans are operating now and Canadian girls from Ottawa, Toronto and Vancouver have joined the happy Englishwomen who make a joke of hardships which would certainly deter most of us. In an area of 10,000 square miles there is one young United Church minister and one Anglican and they to hold services. Miss Easell has been licensed by the bishops of the dioceses in which she works to read the services of the Church of England and to preach. She enlists the services of the girls who teach in the far away corners of the west and when a school teacher holds a class on Friday afternoon for religious instruction. "We visit all the people, we do not ask what their religion is, and we tell the children the story of Christ coming to earth as a little child. Many of the little ones hardly know what Christmas means, their parents have almost forgotten. Hard work and often misfortune seems to have driven the lessons learned in their own childhood out of their minds, but they are glad to hear us and promise to help the children in the answers to the questions in the Sunday School by post."

* * * *

The older ladies who learned to do tatting when it was fashionable, will find many pupils now, for tatting is the thing of the moment for towel ends, edging and indeed is used in several ways. We saw a very attractive buffet set of heavy linen embroidered in heavy white and gold silk and each piece was edged with tatting, done with fairly coarse cotton and about three fourths of an inch deep.

* * * *

Miss Joyce Wolton, of the Foxlease Girl Guide Training School in England, a "red corder," that is one who is entitled to wear a red cord, has returned from England to give training to various groups of Canadian Guides. Miss Wolton has come on a similar mission on other occasions and is much beloved by the Guides who have trained under her Girl Guides, Canadian Girls in Training and similar organizations are much needed today. Girls who take an interest in physical training and sports and live up to the ideals of these societies are a great asset to Canada.

* * * *

You can get the patterns for the animals and dolls that can be made for the small children out of factory cotton or felt. Yes, you can buy these always acceptable toys, but the ones you make are much stronger and cheaper. A doll made in this way with a gingham frock was the delight of one small girl who received it on her birthday and hoped she would get a bunny for Christmas. If you are far from pattern shops you can get the patterns yourself if you are clever and paint the face of the doll and line the ears of the rabbit with pink and make button eyes.

* * * *

If you can lay claim to the right to wear a tartan you can be loyal to your clan and fashionable at the same time. Sports costumes of tartan are worn and scarfs and bags to match made of the tartan of your clan are much in vogue.

* * * *

The Women's Institutes have done a splendid piece of work in placing a doctor at Tobermory at the extreme end of the Bruce Peninsula. Those of us who have visited that lonely spot, Newburgh, miles from a railroad, will realize what a blessing his services will be.

* * * *

Jesus saith, I am the vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he pargeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me, ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered and men gather and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." John 15:1-6

Help somebody, to-day.
Somebody along life's way;
Let sorrow be ended,
The friendless befriended.
Oh, help somebody today.

A TICKLISH SITUATION.

Bennett Was Fortunate Lion Didn't Eat Him.

It may not be generally known to the admirers of Hon. R. B. Bennett that he is a sportsman of no mean ability, but it is a fact that he has contrived to find the time to do considerable hunting and fishing in spite of his arduous political duties. But, like most good sportsmen, he seldom boasts of his exploits in field and stream.

A close friend of Mr. Bennett and a companion of his earlier days vouches for the following story, says an article in the Toronto Star Weekly. One autumn, now some years ago, when Mr. Bennett was living in Alberta, he went up into the mountains on a hunting trip together with a party of cowboys who knew every foot of the ground and to use all the lore of the wilderness, as the young Bennett, of course, was, savored of polite patronage. They were after mountain sheep and other game, and the cowboys had pretty good luck from the start, while nothing whatever fell to Mr. Bennett's rifle until the fourth day.

Then — wonder of wonders — he shot an antelope. The woods and underbrush were thick and almost impenetrable there—it was a region of rocks and canyons — but young deadeye insisted upon searching for his kill himself. He girded up his loins and went forth into the wilderness and by the time he had located his antelope darkness had fallen and he found that he was lost. A shot from his rifle would probably have brought his companions, but he hated to admit defeat—didn't want those patronizing plainsmen to think that his knowledge of the woods had failed him. So he made up his mind to spend the night where he was and find his way back by daylight. He went to bed under a tree, with his kill spread out in front of him, like a small boy with his favorite toy, and he slept soundly until daylight. But lo, when he awakened what was his surprise to discover that there was nothing left of his precious antelope but a heap of bones! The tracks of a huge mountain lion encircling the skeleton established the identity of the thief.

"I never knew why he didn't eat me, too," Mr. Bennett is reported to have said, with an air of profound puzzlement, adding: "Guess he filled up on antelope and didn't want any dessert!"

Growth of Fishes.

Fishes grow very rapidly, and sometimes to an enormous extent. Perhaps the most remarkable example is that of a smolt which, liberated when weighing only an ounce, turned the scale at 3½ pounds when recaptured fourteen months later — an increase of 5,600 per cent. for the period.

Scarcely less striking is the case of a Ness salmon which, weighing 8 pounds and measuring 35 inches when taken out and marked, was found, six months later, to have increased its weight to 23 pounds and its length to 38 inches. A sea-trout, marked and put into the water at Coquet, Northumberland, was found to have doubled its weight, but without adding to its length, when taken out of the water forty-nine days later at Aberdeen.

YES— you can easily make the most delicious Cakes, Biscuits, Doughnuts, Cookies, etc. with MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA — CONTAINS NO ALUM

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

PERSONALS

Miss Ila Hambly, Alexandria, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hambly.

Miss Lulu Stevens, Rochester, N.Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Chas. Stevens, River road.

Mrs. Russell Cousins, of Adolphustown, is visiting her parents at Galt.

Messrs. F. W. Barrett, Bert Seymour, Jas. McGillivray and Harry Seymour motored to Gravenhurst on Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Allison and little daughter are visiting relatives in Ottawa.

Mrs. J. R. Dafoe has returned from visiting her daughter in Toronto.

Miss Mildred Harrington, of the Kingston general hospital, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Harrington.

Mrs. Elgin McLean and baby, Ottawa, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hudson, Desceronto road.

Dr. L. Lewis, F. Riman, Jas. A. Wilsbn and Herbert Plumley spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. Jas. Laughland attended the winter fair in Toronto last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hambly spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Dr. Jos. H. Acton, of New York, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tustin, Piety Hill.

Messrs. Will Cranston, Robt. Merrill, and Orton Robertson, of Sillsville, attended the Winter Fair in Toronto last week.

Miss Rutan, Tyrker, is the guest of Mrs. C. D. VanAlstyne.

Mr. Geo. Shibley is in Toronto for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Henderson, Newburgh road, attended the Winter Fair in Toronto last week.

Rev. and Mrs. Harry Pawson, and Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Woodger were in Toronto last Thursday attending a banquet given in honour of Rev. Dr. John Line, newly appointed Professor in Victoria College, a former associate of Mr. Pawson and Mr. Woodger in the work of the Earlscourt churches under Rev. Dr. Peter Bryce.

Mrs. H. W. Smith is visiting her uncle in Cleveland who is quite ill.

Captain Douglas Ham, who has been home on furlough for the past eight months, left yesterday for Kamptee, Central India, where he will re-join his regiment. Captain Ham intended returning to India a month ago, but was detained on account of illness.

Mrs. Andrew Penny, Mrs. M. P. Husband, and Messrs. Kenneth Penny and Fred Husband, of Empey Hill, motored to Syracuse on Friday and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Boyce.

Mrs. F. E. VanLuven and Helen are spending the winter in New York.

Miss Mary Fraser, who has been the guest of Mrs. W. T. Waller for several weeks, returned to Westmount, Que., on Monday.

BIRTHS

Boyle—At Napanee, on Saturday, November 24th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Boyle, a son.

Wright—At Sillsville, on Tuesday, November 20th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wright, a son.

Brooks—At Sillsville, on Tuesday, November 20th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brooks, a daughter.

DEATHS

Allen—At Huttonville, Sunday, November 25th, 1928, Elizabeth Jane Marlin, widow of the late Albert A. Allen, late of Maribank. Funeral took place at Maribank on Tuesday, Nov. 27th. Services at United Church.

Mills—On Friday, November 23rd, 1928, Dr. Charlton Mills, 1249 Bloor Street West, Toronto, beloved son of Mrs. Mills and the late David Mills, formerly of Napanee and Petrolia, Ontario.

Clancy—At Camden, on Thursday, November 22nd, 1928, Claude Clancy, aged 34 years, 10 months.

Kelly—At Kingston general hospital, on Wednesday, November 21st, 1928, Alzina Walker, beloved wife of Mr. David Kelly, aged 63 years, 11 months.

Card—At Napanee, on Sunday, November 25th, 1928, Ellen Card, widow of the late John Card, aged 91 years, 5 months.

A Brownie Camera for your boy or girl! Nothing could give them more lasting pleasure, and the keen delight they will take in "Picture Making" will more than compensate you. Prices as low or lower than anywhere else. Wallace's Kodak agents by special appointment of the Kodak Company.

Back In Civil Life.

A curious meeting took place recently in London, England, between a wealthy man, who had served as a private in the war, and his former major. When the first man went to visit his brother and the door was opened by a butler he fascinated in surprise, "Good heavens, Major! How are you, sir?" From that moment he has always called the butler "Sir." The butler calls his former private "Sir" also. The two men are on excellent terms.

Gilsonite.

Gilsonite, a strange mineral used in making telephone mouthpieces, electrical insulation, paint and knobs, is mined only in the state of Utah.

Rhino Comes High.

According to recent London quotations on rare animals for zoos the rhinoceros is the most expensive creature in the animal market.

Existing Without Food.

Scorpions are known to have started for 368 days, and spiders have existed for seventeen months without food.

Goloshes! Goloshes!

Life-Buoy
Gooderich
Miner

Best fitting Overshoes obtainable. We have them. Best variety to choose from.

LOW BLACK GOLOSHES, fleece lined Priced Special $2.29

SEE our wonderful range of GOODERICH ZIPPERS. Insist on them. Our $2.95 range is complete and stylish.

Our QUEENE Overshoes FIT.

Men's Buckle Cashmerette Goloshes..... Priced $1.89

Men's Buckle Cashmerette Goloshes..... Priced $2.69

See our range of Men's and Women's Mitts and Gloves.

The Haines Shoe House,
Largest Dealers in Shoes in this district.
NAPANEE

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

THE OPEN BEDROOM WINDOW

One of the heally striking changes in personal habits which has occurred within recent years is the habit of opening the bedroom window at night.

It is not so many years ago since the windows were closed, with the coming of cold weather. Indeed, many persons stuffed the few cracks around the windows to make sure that no air came in from outside. That was the time when a sick person was protected from cool, fresh air, as if one mouthful of it would cause his death.

We may forget that tuberculosis was the rst disease which was fought by education. Other diseases had been fought by police measures, by compulsion. People were forced to improve living and work-places; they were obliged to install sanitary conveniences; if they suffered from a communicable disease, they were isolated whether they wished to be or not.

The fight against tuberculosis has not been along this line. In place of force, persuasion, by means of education, was used. The educational work has been limited to those suffering from tuberculosis, but has extended to all. From the start, the value of fresh air was stressed and we were advised to open our bedroom windows in order to benefit by and enjoy hours of sleep in the fresh air, thus lessening the chances of the occurrence of tuberculosis.

It is true that fresh air, day and night, is good. We know that the old idea of night air being bad is not true. At night, we miss the sunshine; that is the only difference. Those who sleep with bed-room windows open do so because they like it, because, when the windows are open, they sleep better, they feel better and they ARE better.

The window is, of course, opened with consideration for the temperature and the wind. If a fraction of an inch on a cold, windy night allows a slight current of cool air to pass through the room, that is sufficient. Fresh air is one of the valuable things that may be had simply for the effort o flaking it.

Keep the bed-room window open!

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

SOME QUEER FISHES.

Many Wonders Are to Be Found In the Ocean's Depths.

Alaska has a fish which, when dried, can be used as a candle. The electric eel is so called because of a kind of electric point at the tip of its tail. Seven volts of it is enough to stun a man, says the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle. The angler fish is the "devil-fish-wiggler" of Ireland. Its body is camouflage like seaweed, and as it lies on the sea bed it can give off a red light which attracts curious fish on which the "angler" feeds.

The eyes of soles and plaice move about their bodies when young. In early days they swim upright with an eye on each side. In some cases the eye is believed to have passed right through the body.

It is from the cuttlefish that we get our beautiful sepia color. It is ejected as a sort of fluid. One species of shark grows to fully 40 feet in length, and is quite harmless.

A crab caught, marked, and then released, was found to have travelled from Cromer to Flamborough Head (England), over 100 miles away, while a plaice has been proved to have travelled well over 200 miles in but a month or two.

The waters around Hong Kong have a fish with almost a human-looking head, and which gives a cry almost like that of a baby.

Call - See - Hear!

New Radio Discovery!

COME in. Let us tune in the new Philco for you. A new thrill in radio performance awaits you! Neutrodyne-Plus—Philco's radio discovery—gives tone, selectivity and distance which is *new to radio*. Call and *hear*.

A Handsome Combination

The specially designed tone chamber of the Console Grand Speaker gives amazing emphasis to Philco's life-like quality of tone. Shown here with Philco Table Model cabinet in COLOR. A popular combination — *and at a price!*

In Color!

Vivid color! Radio cabinets to match the decorations in your home! Your choice of five colors.

Free Home Trial

Yes, we'll deliver the Philco for you to try *in your own home free!* No charge—no obligation. Use it. Let your family and friends hear it. Then decide. If not delighted, we will take the Philco back.

Easy Payments

If satisfied—only a small down payment. Balance in *easy monthly payments* you'll never even miss!

Trade-In Offer

A *liberal trade-in allowance* for your old set. Come in and see what it is worth in trade.

PHILCO Electric RADIO

Come in *tomorrow*. See and hear the Philco. Get our offer. No obligation.

DON SCOTT, Agent
John Street, - Napanee

She "CLOCKS" the Telephone

THIS YOUNG LADY'S JOB is to "clock" the telephone service. She sits there with her decimeter stop watch and measures to tenths of a second the time taken to complete a call. Other "clockers" record the errors made, the speed with which "trouble" is repaired, all the items of telephone efficiency.

If speed and efficiency are not constantly on the climb these are the people who know it first and then there is a grand hunt to find out what's gone wrong.

It is a good game. It gets results. That is why your telephone serves you better this year than it did last year, and next year will serve you better than now. That is why it has contributed its share to Canadian progress.

FOR EXAMPLE, seven years ago the average interval from the time you lifted your telephone receiver until the operator answered was 5.1 seconds. Today the clocker finds the interval cut to 3.7 seconds. Tomorrow it will be still less.

Seven years ago there were 95 slow calls in every 1,000—a slow call being one in which the operator takes ten seconds or more to answer. Today there are only 33 in every thousand.

The number of errors of all kinds has been reduced from 40 in every 1,000 calls to 16, which is over ninety-eight per cent perfect.

FIVE YEARS AGO you ran 27 chances in every 1,000 calls of getting the wrong number. That is down now to 13 chances in 1,000, or nearly 99 times out of the 100 right.

There are only two chances in a thousand now that you will be cut off. There were five chances in a thousand, five years ago.

There used to be eight times in a thousand calls when you would break in on somebody else's conversation. Now there are only two such double connections per thousand.

THERE ARE "CLOCKERS" at work in other directions too and here are some of the things they have recorded.

The time taken to repair "trouble" on a line now has been cut to one-third of the time taken five years ago.

The time taken to install a new telephone used to be three hours and forty-five minutes. It has been cut now to one hour and forty-five minutes. That means something in hours saved, with 139,000 telephones installed in Ontario and Quebec this year.

PRETTY GOOD results. But the clocker isn't satisfied. Nobody in the telephone business is ever satisfied with today's mark. The system tomorrow must always be better to keep pace with the Canada of tomorrow.

Published by The Bell Telephone Company of Canada to tell you something about the telephone business and the people in it.

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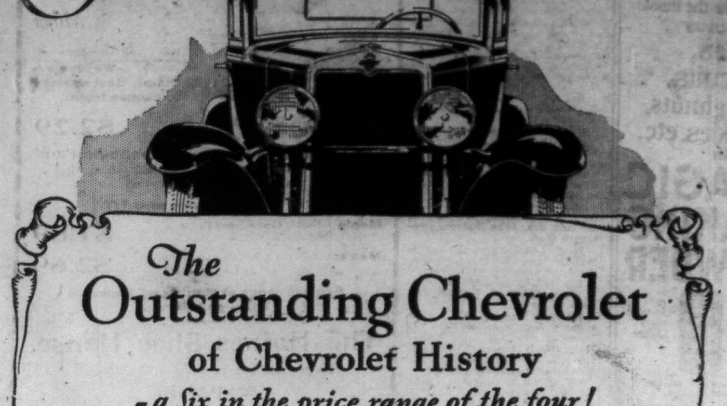
Announcing—



The Outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet History

—a Six in the price range of the four!

THE Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited, announces The Outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet History . . a Six in the price range of the four!

Spectacular as Chevrolet's achievements have been in the past . . notable as its engineering triumphs have proved themselves to be—this remarkable new car dwarfs every previous Chevrolet accomplishment. Not only does it introduce into the low-priced field an entirely new measure of performance, comfort, beauty and style—but it is sold at prices so low as to alter every previous conception of motor car value.

The new six-cylinder valve-in-head engine—developed from more than a hundred motors designed especially for this sensational car—stands out as an engineering masterpiece. With a power increase of approximately 32% over the previous Chevrolet motor, with sensationally greater speed and faster acceleration—it offers a type of performance that is literally astounding . . even to those who have been driving cars costing hundreds of dollars more.

Throughout the entire speed range, it performs with a smoothness and quietness of operation that have never before been approached in a low-priced automobile. At the slower speeds of city traffic it idles along with wonderful silence and ease. On boulevards and country roads it responds with an eagerness that is a constant delight. It takes the longest and steepest hills with an abundant reserve of power that is a source of pride to the driver.

And its economy of operation averages better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline!

The Roadster . . .	$665
The Phaeton	$665
The Coach	$770
The Coupe	$760
The Sedan	$870
The Sport Cabriolet .	$885
The Convertible Landau	$925
Light Delivery Chassis .	$510
1½ Ton Chassis . . .	$695

All prices at Factory, Oshawa Government Taxes Extra

In appearance, this Outstanding Chevrolet is so smart, so stylish and so distinctively appointed that it rivals the costliest custom creations. The new Fisher bodies are longer, lower and roomier with adjustable driver's seat in all closed models—and reveal the matchless artistry of Fisher designers. You are cordially invited to visit our showroom and secure complete and detailed information on this sensational new car which will be ready for delivery beginning January 1st.

C-24-11-25

C. A. WISEMAN,
Napanee. Ontario.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

Olive's Courtship

(Continued from page 3.)

sweeter than the breath of heaven to his dry, scorched soul.

Once the wonder vaguely stole over him that it was all a ruse. But no; they would not dare use her name in that way in such a case. She would never permit it. And lastly came the chill thought, had they prevailed upon Olive to betray him? Ah, no! Perish the miserable idea that had found lodgment for even an instant in his brain. He might as well mistrust one of God's white angels, he told himself.

He sank up his mind to go to her. She would never call to him in vain. Why, he would have laid down life itself, and thought it no sacrifice, for her sweet sake. He would trust blindly to Heaven and to Olive. She had called him. He would go, come what might. He would not go to her in disguise. No, he could never do that; and, utterly regardless of possible consequences, Roger Glendenning presented himself at the door and place appointed.

He was ushered into a cool, dim parlor, odorous with the perfume of great vases heaped with great crimson roses and white hyacinths.

A moment later he heard a well known step in the corridor without. It was not Olive's step, but her father's. He sprang to his feet, white as death, and the only words his lips could utter were, "Trapped" and "Ah, God! be pitiful—trapped by the girl I love!" Ere he could recover himself, and in almost the next instant of time, the portieres were swept aside, and Judge Kneeland stood on the threshold.

If he had suddenly pointed a pistol at his heart, Glendenning's surprise could not have been more intense than to see him limp forward with outstretched hand, exclaiming, "Welcome, Roger, to my home!"

Glendenning quite believed that he was in a dream. He was too dumbfounded for utterance.

"Sit down," said the judge, kindly, as he noted the young man's great agitation. "I have much to say to you, Roger."

The interview lasted over an hour, and during that time the judge had fully explained to Glendenning how he himself, the concealing the forgery and Oscar's confession and tragic death which he had but so recently come into possession of, and which completely exonerated Roger.

"And there is another matter which we might as well settle here and now," continued the judge, "and that is the question concerning Olive's future, which we were discussing on that most unfortunate morning when this trouble occurred, and I have only to say, my dear boy, that I wish to take you once more into my employ, and to you are of the same mind concerning Olive that you were then, why, I simply withdraw my objections, and you are at liberty to win the little witch's love, providing you can."

CHAPTER XVII.

To say that Roger Glendenning was dumbfounded at the turn affairs had taken, but faintly expresses the true situation. He had walked in the gloom and shadow so long, fully believing his sun had set in eternal night, that he could not become accustomed to the dazzling sunshine that illumined his path so suddenly—it almost blinded him.

Roger mourned truly for the untimely fate of his handsome, wayward younger brother. But now that he was no more, he felt relieved that the dark shadow had been lifted from his own head by Oscar's hand, and thought it had been proven to Olive that he was innocent. His surprise to learn from the judge that there was no truth in the story that Olive and Oscar had ever been betrothed knew no bounds, and he was fairly bewildered when the judge added, "I know that it was you whom the little witch cared for, not your brother." And it seemed to the poor fellow that he was transported straight to heaven at once when he was invited to stay to dinner, and Olive joined them.

It was the happiest day of Roger Glendenning's life, and when he had them good-night at last, and found himself walking slowly down the street alone, he wondered if it was not all a dream from which he should soon awake and find himself still enveloped by the gray old dark clouds which made the world so chill and gray and life not worth the living. Then he remembered that he had made arrangements to go driving with Olive the next afternoon. Surely the gods were kind to him, after all.

Judge Kneeland was very anxious to atone for the past by doing everything in his power to advance Glendenning's interest, but Roger would not allow any money advances to be made.

"I prefer to carve my own road, he said, though he was deeply grateful for the kindly thoughtfulness.

Through the judge's influence, however, he obtained an excellent position with a large mercantile firm and at the end of the first quarter of the year he was liked so well and had proved himself so valuable to them that he was taken in as junior partner.

His sky now looked roseate with happiness. He was a constant visitor at Judge Kneeland's home, and one lovely summer evening, not long since, while they were standing on the balcony, he was summoned to sufficient courage to ask Olive to marry him, hoping her to tell him then and there if she could ever care for him that much.

He never forgot how she drew back from him, looking at him shyly from beneath those long, curling lashes, and white long coaxing for a reply, while I, with a face

(Continued on page 7.)

covered by the prettiest and sweetest blushes in the world, that she had cared for him more than for any one else from the very first moment they had met, and through all his troubles she had cared for him still.

Judge Kneeland, who was sitting in an adjoining room, apparently engaged in his newspaper, but in reality listening keenly to what was going on out on the balcony, concluded that that was a very proper moment for him to put in an appearance on the scene. He put this thought into execution at once, much to the discomfiture of the lovers.

Well, it was cruel just at that particular epoch of their love-making. Of course, the whole matter was received with favor by the good old gracious consort, but declared, when Roger pleaded for an immediate marriage, that that was not to be thought of, that if he succeeded in claiming Olive's hand in six months from that time he must consider himself very fortunate.

There was nothing for it but to submit to the stern decree. There was but one drawback to Roger's happiness, and that was he had lost all trace of his friend Jack Murray, who had been his guardian angel almost during those long, weary years of camping out down in Louisiana, when his trouble seemed greater than he could bear, and if it had not been for Jack he would have ended his wretched existence then and there. Jack had lost his situation, no one knew how, and had drifted away, no one knew whither. Roger Glendenning felt sorry. He would have liked to have found him and held out a helping hand to him now when he needed a friend the most.

Roger was glad to take up his home in Albany. Aside from the money advantages, he rather liked it better than New York, for the reason that each day that passed he was growing to look more and more like his hapless brother Oscar. Even Olive often spoke of this: "Yes," he often said to himself, as he looked thoughtfully in his mirror "my resemblance to Oscar grows more striking every day. Poor Oscar! he was his own worst enemy. He might have had a brilliant life of it, had he got on the wrong road and would but turn back."

Time flew by on golden, happy wings. The six months dwindled away at last, and it wanted but four days more now to the dawn of his wedding day. Roger Glendenning was inexpressibly happy, yet through it all there were moments of vague unrest, a dark foreboding as of some unlooked-for event which would come and shatter his cup of happiness just as it was within his grasp.

While the preparations are going on for the wedding, and the feast is being made ready, we must take the occasion to leave Roger Glendenning and Olive in their happiness for a time, and return to Neva, the fair young Southern girl who had been made such a cruel plaything of by capricious fate.

The train which she had boarded that midnight carried her swiftly away from the scene of her childhood and the tall hills and smiling valleys, lying so peacefully in the moonlight, faded from her view, she leaned her head and wept like a child, and thus sobbing, tired nature and overstrained nerves asserted themselves, and she fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

The noises of the early morning awakened her quite as soon as the sun was up the following day. For a moment she felt stunned and bewildered at finding herself on a train and in the midst of the noise and confusion which surrounded her. Then came the swift thought that she was journeying toward the plain where she was to meet her young husband, that each moment and each revolution of those great iron wheels brought them nearer and nearer each other.

The girl pressed her sweet young face against the window-pane and gave herself up to beautiful reveries which are so dear to maidenhood. She watched the sun climb to the zenith, cross it and sink slowly toward the western sky, with a smile on her lips, the deep yearning growing in her lovely dark eyes only a few hours more and she would be with him, never more to part with one of them, died, and she feared that God in heaven would take her first.

She watched the dusk of night creep up, and the gloaming settle into deeper night; watched the bright stars and the full, bright moon that almost seemed to keep pace with the flying train. She smiled up lovingly at the moon, saying to herself that its bright beams shone over him, wherever he might be at that selfsame moment, but quite as soon as her dark head touched the pillow in her sleeper, she sank into the deep oblivion of sleep.

It was noon the next day when the Southern express steamed into the Grand Central depot in New York.

Neva's heart beat high with expectancy, and every moment that the great crowd held her back seemed like endless years to her. At last, she in front reached the door. Was hurried down the steps of the car by the conductor, and stood on the platform; but no one rushed up to her.

Quickly her eyes traveled eagerly over the dense throng, but her young husband was not there. Every one had some one to greet them. Where was he? A strange wave of desolation and terror swept over her. A great sob rose to her lips, and seemed to stick in her throat and choke her, and tears brimmed over her eyelids and splashed down on her little trembling hands.

All the great crowd rushed hurriedly by her. A few more and she was left alone on the platform.

Three, four, five minutes dragged their slow lengths by, still she stood there, with her white, tearful young face turned despairingly toward the gates, the tears now falling like rain from her eyes.

At the far end of the platform a policeman stood watching her curiously. At length he approached her.

"Are you looking for any one, miss?" he inquired kindly.

"Yes, sir," sobbed Neva, choking. "I had to be met up—my husband here and I feel must have overslept him somehow, and I do not know what to do. I—I am so frightened."

The policeman looked hard at her, saying to himself that the girl with her fresh young face and unsullied, innocent eyes looked more like a child who should have been playing with her dolls, than a wife.

"How long have you been married?" he asked, suddenly.

"Only a week, sir," stared Neva, flaming as red as a rose, "and he, my husband, was called suddenly away, and he left money for me to come to him; and now I am here, but I can not find him."

"It is the old, old story," thought the policeman, "a too trusting maid and a scoundrel who has tired of her and flung her off."

"Have you a home and a mother, little girl?" he queried, earnestly, and to his great relief she nodded.

"Yes."

"I would advise you to go right back by the next train, and wait for him there. Tell your mother how you were surprised to miss him here, and she can advise you what to do."

Neva looked at him indignantly.

"My husband will soon come to me here," she said. "I shall wait for him here until he comes. Is there no waiting-room?"

"Yes," answered the man, pityingly; "come this way, please."

He opened the door and motioned her to enter.

"If there is anything I can do for you," he said, "do not hesitate to call on me. I shall be just outside, and while you wait, think over what I have said about going back to your home—do, miss."

There was something suspiciously like a tear in the policeman's honest eyes. He had a young daughter of his own at home whom he loved as the apple of his eye.

What a world better of this young girl? he thought. How would his end for her? Would she grieve for awhile, then go the same road he had moved for many a young thing? He clinched his great, strong hands, and his mighty bosom heaved, and he breathed a terrible imprecation against the young man in the case, whoever he might be, and tried to forget the girl sitting waiting inside, but in vain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From noon until the shadow of night gathered, Neva sat in the depot and waited, and as the hours dragged on her face grew whiter and whiter. This the policeman noted with deep concern, as he glanced in at the window every now and then as he paced up and down the platform.

At last he could endure it no longer, and calling the woman to him who had charge of the ladies' waiting room, he explained the situation in a few words.

"Poor child!" exclaimed the woman, pityingly. "I will have a little talk with her, and make her understand the situation of affairs, if I can."

So saying, she turned and approached Neva, taking a seat by her side.

"You are having a very long wait, miss," she said, gently.

The girl turned her great, dark eyes upon her, and her lips quivered. It was like the dew of heaven to a thirsty, withering rose to hear one kindly voice speaking to her in a land of strangers.

"I was expecting my husband to meet me here, and somehow I have missed him," she replied, piteously, "and I don't know what to do."

The woman took her little cold hand in hers.

"The same thing happens to many and many a young girl," she said, in a low voice. "I see them every day, young and old, until my heart fairly bleeds with pity for the poor, pretty young things—for the one for whom no one has a thought or a tear. It has been said many a time, that the only way many a man can shake off a love that has become irksome to him is to go home to the old folks at home in the country, and there desert her. And, bless you, my poor dear! it is done every hour in the day. There are two more of it than I. I do not want to seem unkind, but I must tell you the truth. The young man whom you were waiting for has gone as well try to realize that. He has intentionally deserted you—left you to your fate. My advice to you, miss, is to lose no time getting back to your home."

She never forgot the look that swept over the girl's face as the full force of the words she was listening to dawned upon her.

"Of course, I am not say anything about your staying here as long as you like to remain, but I can assure you that you might wait many a long week, and even a long week of a year, and it would be the same."

"I must wait!" cried Neva, wringing her white hands. "It all men in the world were to tell me I should still believe him true," she sobbed.

The woman rose to her feet, and, with a few gentle words left her, thinking that the greatest kindness she could do her.

The long hours of the evening slowly came on, and at last midnight tolled from an adjoining belfry.

Again the woman approached her.

"They will not like to have you remain here much longer," she said, laying a kindly, toil-hardened hand on the girl's arm. "If you will go around the corner; will you come home with me? I do not like to leave you here alone, and I must go. I would take you to my heart to have you come with me, and to-morrow I would put you on the train which would take you home to your own good mother, if you have one. I lost a daughter of about your age not long since, she went on, softly. Quickly her eyes traveled eagerly for her dear sake. Something in the very air around us seems whispering 'Mother,' to her heart as I say the tale of her name will be." My home is a very humble one, child, but you're welcome to its shelter until to-morrow. You see, he has not come. He knows you would be here, but he does not care what becomes of you. You must learn to bear what many a young girl has had to face before you, and like a woman. Thy world will be cold and grim for a little while for you, but you are young, and the young can live and learn to forget."

She took the girl's cold, unresisting hand in hers and led her from the waiting-room.

It was a very humble home to which the woman led her—a few little rooms up under the eaves—but they were scrupulously tidy. She tried to draw from the girl's lips her history, as she poured a cup of good, warm, fragrant tea for her, remembering that to her certain knowledge no food had passed her chilled lips since noon, though she felt sure she had money in her purse.

But Neva was not communicative, she would say nothing of herself, only that she must go back to the depot as soon as the morrow dawned, and wait, and wait until he for whom she watched came for her.

But it was there a morrow ere she left that room. When the day dawned a raging fever held her in its grasp, and it was a fortnight ere she could be removed to an adjacent hospital, where for two long and weary months she hovered between life and death.

But she was young, and youth gains many a battle ever grim death, and at the end of the second month, slowly, by degrees, consciousness returned to her. The nurses were very kind to the poor, pretty, hapless young creature; they had heard her story from the waiting-woman of the depot, who called every day to look at the patient, and here was the first time Neva saw as she returned to consciousness.

She attempted to rise from her couch, exclaiming:

"I must hasten back to the depot. He must be there by this time. Perhaps he has been waiting all the long night through since we came away."

Slowly they informed her where she was; that long months had passed since that never-to-be-forgotten night when she had placed the good woman at the depot to tell her to her home; that her husband had never come; that the summer, with its sweet flowers and balmy breezes, was gone, and that the sobbing noise she heard outside was the autumn wind whistling through the maples and sending the red and gold withered leaves in little showers tapping against the window-panes, like shivering, wandering souls begging for admittance again into the brightness and cheer of this world.

A day or two afterward, and the girl was able to leave the place. She wept when she left her kind attendants, but she would not tell them the name of where she came.

When they asked her if she were going home again, she said, "Yes," and they felt greatly relieved to hear that.

Two days and two nights of incessant travel, and once more the hills and valleys of Louisiana burst in sight. It was seashore when she reached the station from which she had started so joyously three short months ago, but it seemed like a lifetime. How much had taken place since then! Neva felt as though she were another girl. Were Neva had left that little village no short a time ago, she was a blooming, rosy-cheeked, lovely girl in the pale, emaciate little creature that crept from the train, tottering for a moment, and then down it rose, and hurried down the long, dusty road. She had walked long miles ere she saw a wagon in which she might ride.

A farmer and his wife beheld the girl toiling along by the roadside, and to them she invited her to ride, if she was going their way. This Neva gladly consented to do. She had not realized, until she took that long journey, how weak she was; twice or thrice she had almost fainted by the way-side.

They passed within half a mile of her home, and here Neva left them. They were going on to the village beyond. How her heart leaped as she caught a glimpse through the trees of the little red farm-house whose gable she could dimly see over the tops of the trees.

The grass in the meadow was long and rank, and the clover-bloom needed mowing. She saw about her straggling, neglected, and down at one end of the lot, and the cows had strayed in and were trampling down the corn.

(To be Continued.)

A Friend to Women

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. Lynn, Mass., U.S.A. and Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Hospital for Sick Children

Mr. Arthur Meighen, Toronto, 8, Ont. December, 1925.

Dear Mr. Meighen:—

For some years past the work that this hospital has been able to do for the children of Ontario has been seriously hampered through lack of space. A point was reached where the Trustees had to decide whether the services should be curtailed to the utmost extent of the "Sick Kids" where it could provide with care or whether it would ask for more.

There are many youngsters suffering from affections of the spine and joints, or recovering from illness, who can restore to health and strength. Medical care will help; but what they principally need is fresh air and sunshine. Hitherto the accommodation for Sick Children has worked after some children in an institution close by a city playground, where more fortunate boys and girls enjoy their sports, imagine their plight, trying month after month to shut out the shouts and laughter of other children.

In October last, the Hospital for Sick Children opened its country annex, formerly the Speers' house one chance to have their limbs straightened or their bodies built up must be in a position to profit by it. They have sunshine and fresh air plus nursing care and medical attention. On a height of land some miles away from the murk of the city, children are winning their way back to health in an environment of sunshine, pure breezes and quiet.

The country hospital at Thistletown is a God-send for children whom it will take a long time to cure. It also liberates a hundred cots in the parent institution for youngsters who can be set right in a short time if only given constant attention. So the Hospital for Sick Children has now two doors to keep open day and night to every class, color and creed.

For more than half a century the Hospital has depended on the very existence upon the public response to its annual appeal which, being in behalf of children, is appropriately made at Christmas-time. For over fifty years the H.P.S.C. has been enabled to make both ends meet by the donations of its friends, whether such be a dollar or an endowment. But the end of 1925 finds it with many large bills to pay for its new venture.

To its old friends the Hospital for Sick Children once more appeals. It is because a category of your readers are included in that ever-growing circle, that I trespass upon your space to remind you that it was their generosity in the past that emboldened the Hospital's Trustees to build for the future. With an extra effort stimulated by a new need, cannot the income of the "Sick Kids" be put once more abreast of its urgent needs?

Faithfully yours,
IRVING H. ROBERTSON,
Chairman Appeal Committee.

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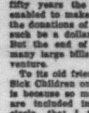

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E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

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No less than five million modern mothers have come to depend on Castoria, for twenty-five million bottles were bought last year! Get yours today; don't wait for some night when it's needed, and the drugstore is closed!

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

IN GRANDMOTHER'S DAY.

Many Rules of Wifely Duty Are Laid Down In Books on Etiquette.

In the standard books of etiquette of our grandmothers' days, many pages are devoted to the subject of marriage, and many rules of wifely duty are laid down. "With a wife a husband's faults should be sacred" is the burden of their song.

The directions on all subjects are explicit. "Never dismiss help in anger" was a sage piece of advice even in the days when servants were plentiful and wages low. The prescribed formula for getting rid of the cook was "If we cannot get along pleasantly we must part."

"Americanism" as they were called were highly censured. According to the rules of etiquette a lady was told that she must not say, "ain't" or "ax" or "chaw" or "cowcumber" or "bizen."

The book did not close without some remarks one the question of bathing. "Once a week is often enough for a decent white man to wash himself all over, and whether in summer or winter, that ought to be done with soap, warm water and a hog's hair brush!"

Iceland's First Settlers.

Only about one-fourth of Iceland is habitable. The population of the island is about 85 000. No trees of an early aboriginal race have been discovered.

The first settlers are supposed to have been Irish monks who landed on the island about A.D. 809. The general belief is that these Celts and their had disappeared before Iceland was discovered by the Norsemen in 850. In any event, books, cruisers and other articles found by the early Scandinavians prove that Irish monks had made an attempt to colonize the island.

The real history of Iceland dates from about 870, when large numbers of Norsemen began to migrate there, owing to political disturbances in Scandinavia.

ALONE WITH SAVAGES

Murderers as Servants and a Bungalow Among Palms as His Home.

Mr. Ernest Hart, who was commissioner under the Indian Government on the Andaman and Nicobar Islands in the Bay of Bengal, and who recently died, was one of the loneliest workers in the Empire living at an outpost that is almost unknown to the vast majority of people in England. He was 52 when he died, the victim of severe climatic conditions, while serving the country, writes the wife of an Indian settlement officer in the London Mail.

He was the only white man among the 7,000 Nicobarese, those awe-inspiring savages who wear no cloth and swing large knives.

He lived alone in a small bungalow hidden below a dense jungle of coconut palms near the vast sandy beach on the island of Ca Nicobar, the largest of that group.

His only communication with the outside world was when the Andaman station ships from Port Blair took his letters and papers to him once in every three months, and then only if the monsoon conditions did not prevent a landing.

During the two and a half years I spent in the Andamans I twice obtained permission to travel in the station ship so as to be dropped at Car Nicobar with the mails and to be picked up three days later on her return journey.

My first visit was with a sketching companion, my second with a missionary padre. We had to take all our groceries with us, because Mr. Hart lived entirely on supplies provided by the natives — mainly pigs, pork, chickens, milk, eggs, and fruit.

Each day he visited one of his villages on his bicycle and gave justice, helping the sick, and always watching for smugglers.

Two convict murderers from the penal settlement in the Andamans were his only personal servants.

On one occasion he took us through a jungle to a village at night to see a torchlight native dance, a festival which Mr. Hart told us we were the only white women ever to have witnessed.

I went from north to south on one long tour. On more than one we found Chinese traders with Nicobarese men, women, and children in large enclosures husking coconuts. One man told us that he had worked for two years for a piece of calico cloth he wore, and the others worked equally long for a small quantity of liquor.

The commissioner ransacked the traders' hut, burnt all the spirit that could be found, and our ship steamed away leaving our only notice for one more year to the mercy of the Chinese.

The coconut palms are the inheritance of the Nicobarese, yet the Chinese traders take all the nuts and all the labor, and in exchange give nothing but opium and the cheapest smuggled liquor like methylated spirit.

In Nancowry a native was accused and tried for murdering his Chinese master, who had been beating him. The trial was soon over, and the accused was sentenced to repairing the dilapidated jetty. As we left I asked: "But who is to see he repairs the jetty?" The answer was: "No one; his punishment lies entirely in his own hands!"

Wealth of Japan.

Japan's national wealth amounts to approximately 102,300,000,000 yen (£11,650,000,000), according to the latest Cabinet Bureau statistics, the taking of which started in 1924. This gives a per capita wealth of £365. The national wealth is shown to have increased about 70,000,000,000 yen since 1913.

Mrs. Gundy's Paradise.

Couples who wish to sit on the park benches in Budapest must be ready to prove that they are married by producing passports, marriage certificates, or other documents on demand.

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A graceful line dresser, finished in walnut, special $15.30

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Consisting of a Simmons made walnut finish bed, layer built mattress (this mattress is not wood fibre), with a non-sagless spring. Reg. $22.50. Special for Turkey Day, Special..... $18.95

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CRANE A HEFTY BIRD

Like an Airplane, He Must Have Space to Take Off Before He Can Fly.

The crane is a hefty bird and has powerful wings. He is a slow starter, and like an airplane, must have space to run and take off before he can arise and fly.

Many visitors to the London Zoo speculate on the method adopted for the retention of the cranes in their enclosures. The wings of these birds do not appear to be cut, but it might be supposed that some essential feathers are clipped at short intervals, writes Col. O'Brien in Things of India. In the Zoo he is nominally free to fly, but in practice is up against the fencing before he can get a lift on.

Recently, one was able to escape with the aid of a high wind which gave it the necessary elevation to enable its wings to work. Once before the same thing happened to the flamingoes, and a whole party took the air together assisted by a powerful gale.

No one wants to shoot the flamingoes in India, though with their rosate plumage they are always fascinating to watch in the shallows of an open lake, and picturesque when flying overhead. Unlike the pelican, which humps itself in flight to a much smaller bird than it really is, the flamingo is all length in the air, the funny head stretched away from the body to the full extent of the long neck, and the stalk like legs away to the rear. The flamingo like other large acquatic birds serves the useful purpose of helping to stock the lakes with fish, for they carry the spawn long distances on their feet.

The fact that the cranes are slow starters off the ground can be made use of out shooting. Large quantities of both the grey and demoiselle cranes come out to graze on the grass which flourishes in certain years of good rainfall on what at other times appears to be pure windswept desert.

From their safety amidst the maze of mudflats and creeks of the Indus they drift out in the early dawn. It is difficult enough to defeat them in the riverain, where the clumps of reed and tamarisk thickets do provide some cover, but in the open country they can guzzle grasshoppers and caterpillars with the knowledge that they can see every living thing for miles.

Fortunately, the camel is part of the ordinary scenery of the desert, and he can be used to get to the point of approach. One must descend from his back while still afar off. The camelman either makes himself very fat on the top of his hump or lashes with the beast, preferably poling him along while staying well back on the reverse side.

Even so there are many failures, but if the birds are really hungry, they may remain till the camel draws fairly close, and the sentinel sends a note of alarm, heads that have been bobbing up and down remain up and answer the warning. As the gurgles and croaks of the cranes increase in number, the time comes to stand while the camel moves on.

Immediately it is clear one should run forward as fast as possible, consonant with keeping a sound balance. The cranes cannot start as fast as a man can run, and the time for firing comes just as the great wings are lifting from the ground and the heavy pellets can tell to the fullest extent.

If victory were persistent, an owl would go out shooting. To outwit cranes one has to get up early so as to catch them at their greediest. They have their ideas of the ordinary shot gun distance and are prepared to shift before even the most harmless camel comes within it. One can gain something by having rifled barrels which carry further than ordinary ones in the right non-chock barrel, and just that little extra which will ensure triumph may be won by a brisk sprint towards the cranes that are slow starters.

The sand hill cranes of the Canadian prairies are still harder to approach. They swim on large lakes far from land and when feeding, invariably select the open country. Relays of guards are always on the lookout with the utmost vigilance, ready to give warning on the slightest approach of danger.

A rifle at long distance is practically the only means of making a kill. The game is hardly worth the candle, however, as crane flesh is very fishy.

RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY.

Famed as One of the Most Beautiful Ruins In Scotland.

Melrose Abbey, where it is said the heart of Bruce is buried, is famed as one of the most beautiful ruins in Scotland. Its walls are clothed with ivy which twines gracefully about the broken arches and large tracered windows.

The Abbey, which is situated near Abbotsford on the banks of the river Tweed, was founded by David I., for the Cistercian monks in 1136, and became the mother church for the order in that country. After being twice damaged by the attacking English, it was rebuilt in a more magnificent style between the years 1322 and 1505. It was again devastated by the English under the Earl of Hertford in 1545, and was totally ruined during religious quarrels in Scotland.

Since that time there has been no attempt at restoration, and the crumbling ruins have served as quarry for the surrounding districts. The church, which is the only part of the Abbey left standing in the present day, belongs almost entirely to the fifteenth century, the earlier portion, for the most part, having fallen into decay.

Tradition gives Melrose Abbey as the burial place of Michael Scot, an old Cistercian monk. Other historic persons said to be buried there were Alexander II., and Johanna his queen. William Douglas the "Dark Knight," Hon, and the second Abbot St. Waltheof.

Where to Become a Centenarian.

Canada is the place to grow old in. Where else, for instance, has there been held such a party as that which was recently given in Vancouver? Six hale old veterans ranging in age from 97 to 107 sat at table to celebrate the birthday of Charles Quick, who had achieved the distinction of 107 summers. One venerable stalwart, when he received an invitation to the party nearly refused on the ground that he was far too busy cutting wood in his backyard! Unhappily, the guests provided the seeker after knowledge with no conclusive data regarding the healthiest race or the specific for advancing years. Three were from Eastern Canada, one from England, and two from Scotland. They were engaged in many occupations. Three were bachelors and three were teetotalers.

Divorce Cases.

There are now, on an average, six times as many divorce cases brought before the courts as there were in pre-war days.

...QUITY OF BOATS

LIST OF EARLY BOATS HAS BECOME A LONG ONE.

Civilization That Throve Thousands of Years Ago Had Boats — Not to Be Compared With Monsters of To-day.

The attempt of the Italian Government to raise from the depths of Lake Lemi, palatial barges which have been submerged for nearly 2,000 years, is arousing world-wide interest, writes R. V. D. Magoffin, in the New York Herald-Tribune.

In the minds of past generations the first big boat was the ark and the earliest little boats were the ones in which Moses sailed around in the bulrushes, and the Romulus and Remus floated down the Tiber until they beached and found the wolf. But since archaeologists discovered that civilizations throve on the Nile and on the Euphrates and Tigris, six, eight, probably ten thousand years B.C., the list of early boats has become a long one.

There is in the British Museum a clay tablet that tells how the mother of Shar-Gani-Sharri (about 2816 B.C.) concealed the knowledge of his birth, and to avoid discovery, had to put him in a bitumen-smeared little ark of reeds and floated him off down the Euphrates.

A water-carrier found the floating crib and brought the boy up. The goddess Ishtan fell in love with the handsome foundling and made him King of Akkad. In the laws of Hammurabi (about 2200 B.C.) one enactment compels a "boat-builder" to give his purchaser a two-year guaranty and another makes the owner of a boat that collides with one at anchor liable for all damages.

Hiram sent the cedar for Solomon's Temple from Tyre to Joppa on floats or rafts (1 Kings, v: 9). Noah's ark was not a ship, but rather a big barge. Ships, however, in the modern sense of the word, were built by Solomon and Jehoshaphat of fir and gopher wood, and they were equipped with rudders, sails, masts, oars, anchors, lifeboats, helm, tackle, etc., as is seen in many a passage in both Testaments.

All this information comes from ancient writings, and pictures on the walls of tombs and on papyri, from sculptured monuments, from coins, from gems. Earthenware models of Minoan fleets of 2,000 B.C. have been found in the excavations in Crete.

On a painted Greek vase of about 600 B.C. there is a ship represented with a sail, a single passenger and a helmsman. The pictures on coins of Phoenician ships are correct, as one might be expected in view of the great reputation that people had as sailors. But the ships of Parshiel made many a successful trip to Britain and Spain for tin and other metals.

The early Egyptian boats were built both for rowing and for sailing. In Isaiah (XVIII., 2) there is mention of "vessels of bulrushes." These boats were the early models, being made of reeds obtained from water plants, mainly papyrus.

There is a tomb painting in one of the Pyrauids that shows one of those papyrus boats under construction. In the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford and in the metropolitan museum of New York are to be seen splendid sets of models of boats. Sails and oars were used in Egypt, as shown in the tomb paintings and inscriptions. One shows a sort of cage in which are a number of cattle being taken to market.

The Roman ships did not differ much from the earlier Greek and Phoenician ones, except that they had gradually grown larger and had more banks of oars instead of one bank.

Scholars are not yet quite agreed just how the rowers sat in the ships that are said to have had from fifteen to thirty banks of oars. The trireme, with three banks, carried about 170 rowers; the quinqueremes, with five, such as was used against the Carthaginians, about 300, and one can read of an enormous ship with a crew of 1,600.

Perhaps the best account that has come down to us in writing, from which a description of a boat in Roman times can be had, is the account of St. Paul's journey in a wheat ship to Rome.

During the storm on the way from Crete to Malta the sailors cast cargo overboard; they nearly lost the ship's boat trailing behind; they undergirded the ship with a cable; they let go their four anchors; the crew tried unsuccessfully to escape in the lifeboat, and finally they cast off the mainsail, set a foresail and ran the boat onto the beach.

The barges from Lake Nemi, like their predecessors elsewhere, are likely to prove again that there is little new in nautical science.

Making Prison Pay.

A remarkable record of work during imprisonment has been achieved by George W. Davies a Negro sentenced in 1914 to serve fifteen years in the Maryland prison.

Although he entered prison with a limited education, he has studied assiduously and has completed a correspondence course in law. He has patented a petrol motor invention, saved about $1,500, and repaid the man he robbed.

When Davis is released he intends to sit for the Federal Bar examination, and if he passes he will be entitled to practice in any Federal Court.

The Egg of the Æpyornis.

The largest eggs that exist to-day are those of an extinct Madagascan bird, the Æpyornis, a huge creature which lived and is occasionally found buried in the sand. The eggs are nearly a yard in diameter and a foot long. They have a capacity of two gallons, equal to about twelve dozen hen's eggs.

World's Quietest Spot.

A silence nearer absolute than that of the uninhabited mountain peaks or Arctic wastes has been obtained in a room at the University of Utrecht, in Holland. It is the world's most sound-proof room, and was designed to test the behavior of human ears in experiments that would be ruined by the slightest accidental noise.

It is built like a thermos bottle, for it is a room within a room. The air has been pumped out of the space between the double walls to form a vacuum, while the walls themselves are made of alternate layers of lead, wood, and felt.

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GENE TUNNEY

Two Years Ago Young Marine Gave Two-Handed Fighter a Busy Surprise.

Ten years ago, Grantland Rice reminds us in the New York Herald Tribune, Jack Dempsey was a year away from the world's heavyweight championship, and Jess Willard looked invincible. But in those days there was a young marine, of whom "Jersey" Jones wrote reminiscently to Mr. Rice, who quotes him thus in his column:

Parris Island, a desolate, barren spot off the swampy coast of South Carolina. The training camp of the United States marines. Recruits—or "rookies," as they were called—filling in daily.

Not a pleasant place, Parris Island. Sand. Sand. Sand. Scorching, blistering heat. Mosquitoes.

Stifling hot though the days may have been, the evenings usually were cool, and the boys in the quarantine camp were permitted an hour or two before "taps" to indulge in what few pleasures the place offered. Boxing seems to have had the most appeal.

On the sand, still warm from Old Sol's powerful rays of the afternoon, future "leather-necks" would form a wide circle. A set of gloves would appear. Two boys would volunteer to don them. With self-appointed referees and timekeeper, the evening's fun would start.

In camp was one Charles F. Murray, who as "Toughey" Murray of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, had acquired something of a reputation in professional fistic circles. Murray was not a champion, but a rough tough, two-fisted, experienced campaigner, who had tangled with quite a few of the outstanding bantams and feathers of the time.

On one certain evening Murray found himself facing a tall, fine-looking, but rather shy and embarrassed boy of about twenty, averaging close to six feet in altitude and weighing perhaps 160 or 165 pounds.

The gloves were on and laced. "Toughey" and the "Big Boy" stepped toward each other on the sands and shook hands.

"Ready?" queried the referee.

"Let's go!" bellowed Murray.

"Time!" yelled the timekeeper.

A bit of a smile twinkled at the corners of "Toughey's" mouth as he gripped his gloves and moved nonchalantly toward his opponent. This promised to be easy.

Getting within firing range, Murray shot over a vicious left hook at the "Big Boy's" chin. But something went wrong. It missed. Not only missed, but "Toughey's" own chin stopped a left that jolted him back on his heels.

Murray was surprised. Evidently his opponent knew something about the business. Well, that made the game all the most interesting. There is more of a "kick" to boxing with some one who knows how to handle himself than there is to belting around a willing but crude novice.

So "Toughey" gathered himself together and tore in. Over went that left hook again—but once more it missed and for the second time Murray found himself brought up short with a jarring left that rattled his molars.

But there was no quit in "Toughey." Gritting his teeth, clenching his fists, his eyes flashing with fight, he dug right into his opponent, and for some two minutes the enthusiastic, cheering leather-necks-to-be encircling the combatants were treated to a right royal Donnybrook.

Finally—

"Time!"

Murray, breathing heavily, his face showing visible evidence of the hectic session just finished, dropped his hands and gazed wonderingly at his opponent. Then, smiling, he stuck out his right.

"Put it there, Buddy—I know when I'm licked," he said.

A shy smile spread across the "Big Boy's" handsome features. He grasped Murray's extended hand.

"Where y' from?" "Toughey" asked.

"New York," was the reply.

"Ever box before?"

"Yes—a little."

"Well, listen, brother. That's a great left hand you get, and a good right, too, and y'know how to box. Just stick to the business and you'll be a champ."

"Thanks. I hope so."

"An' say, what's yer name? I'll wanna remember it."

The answer meant nothing that certain July evening ten years ago, but it was to mean much in the years to come. To-day it is the name of the world's heavyweight champion, "Gene Tunney."

Descended From Carp.

Goldfish are descended from the common carp, and originated in China and Japan.

Stone Age Men and Snails.

That prehistoric man in North Africa had snails for food is proved by large mounds of snails' shells excavated by members of a recent exploration. One shell mound was 300 feet long and 8 feet high.

Among the remains of animals and human skeletons were found among the small and kitchen ashes of the dump-piles. The excavators also unearthed flint arrow points and scrapers and hammer stones thrown away by Stone Age men thousands of years ago. The common of the bone implements found in shell mounds were small bone tools with fine delicate points, believed to have been used as picks and forks to remove snails from their shells.

SOME OTHER PEOPLE

The turn of the Chinese policeman's lip seems to indicate that he could snarl out a very nasty "Where'd you think you're going?" if he thought you would understand him, but passengers on the Canadian Pacific World Cruise last year found him very courteous.

Some time before the globe-trotters arrived at the entrance of the famous Stadium at Athens by the fiery-mustachiv'd guard who looks like Harry Lauder in a combination of the worst features of the Highland, the Dutch and the hosiery advertisement national costumes.

But the Japanese practising on the saxophone's ancestor takes the cake when it comes to strange head-gear. A pun could be made here about "wicker" and "wicked-looking," but let that pass. The dark representative of the fair sex evidently believes in simplicity of costume—and economy! She has made her "robe de style" serve for her young son, too, and her head dress! Permanent waves have probably been amongst the old family secrets handed down from mother to daughter for centuries in her country.

Taking them altogether they are a fair sample of strange sights to be viewed on a trip round the world.

The Canadian Pacific has organised six winter cruises this year. Round the World by the "Empress of Australia", South America-Africa by the new 20,000 ton "Duchess of Athol", Mediterranean by the "Empress of Scotland" and three cruises to the once happy hunting grounds of the Buccaneer—the West Indies.

Mediaeval Mystery Play Revived

The Empress Hotel, Victoria, the beautiful grounds of which will be brilliant with holly berries during the season of civalry, being arranged as an old English Christmas festival.

Imagine Christmas in England in 1328, 600 years ago. The dawn of the Reformation was all but breaking, but the Church still held place of power in state as in religion, and had been for centuries the fount of all learning. A primitive age—rough and relentless, and its people were primitive to a degree hardly conceivable in this age. Rough, hard living was lightened by rough hard play and such church festivals as Christmas were celebrated in carousing and high revels by those as could command the means for such employment. Religious truths came to the mass of the people only by word of mouth, and as a means of making the New Testament stories living and understandable, incidents of the Bible story were presented in simple plays as primitive as the understandings of their audiences. These were called Mystery Plays and one of the first of them, and, therefore, perhaps, the first of all plays to be performed in England was the story of the adoration of the shepherds and the Magi, written by Randall Higden, a monk of Chester Abbey and first performed at Christmas in the year 1328, just six hundred years ago.

From that day to this is a long time, but there has been a revival of interest in the beautiful things of mediaeval days, and a few years ago the Chester Mysteries were brought to Canada and presented for the first time in America at Hart House Theatre, Toronto University. There they met with instantaneous success, and for several Christmases were a feature of Toronto's holiday celebration. Later they were presented as part of a Christmas service in the chancel of the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Toronto. It will next be seen at Victoria, B.C., as part of the old English Christmas celebration that is being arranged to take place at the Empress Hotel there this year.

It will be the central feature of a notable revival of the Christmas customs of England dating from the middle ages down to the time of Dickens and Mr. Pickwick. In the costumes of that periods, singers, actors and musicians will, between Christmas and Twelfth Night lead the revels and the entire celebration will wind up with a costume ball. Victoria is already famous as a winter resort. Its mild, pleasant weather permitting golf and motoring practically every day and its wonderful salt-water swimming baths have made the most English city in North America an ideal place in which to spend the winter, and with the programme of Christmas revels it is likely that the number of visitors to that city from the prairies and from some of the western states will be unusually large.

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All linen damask sets, in very attractive, floral and dot patterns, oval, round and oblong shapes. Various sizes from 2 x 2 yds. to 3 x 2 yds., with dozen napkins to match. Set.....6.95 to 29.00

Bridge and Luncheon Sets

Very serviceable linen crash sets with colored borders of rose, blue and gold. A most useful and practical gift at moderate price. 36 inch cloth with 4 napkins, set 1.19

54 inch cloth with 6 napkins, set 1.95

Table Napkins

All linen and mercerized cotton napkins in endless variety of patterns, including rose, dot, carnation, lily of the valley, etc. Priced per dozen.....1.29 to 8.50

Table Damask

70 inch bleached linen table damask, firmly woven quality, that will give excellent service and launder well. In floral pattern, yard 1.25

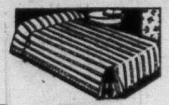
Bed Linen

Hemstitched Pillow Cases

Fine, closely woven linen pillow cases, will launder well, give good service and retain their good lustre. Size 36 x 45. Pair 3.50

Embroidered Pillow Cases

Scalloped and embroidered pillow cases with a very serviceable linen finish, showing dainty embroidered pattern on overlapping scalloped ends. Size 36 x 45 inches. Pair.....2.25



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Colored Krinkle Bedspreads

Attractive looking spreads in striped patterns of rose, gold or blue on natural grounds. The ends and sides are scalloped and edges strongly whipped, insuring long wear. Size 80 x 100. Each.....2.49, 2.95 and 3.00

Linen Towels

Turkish Towels Sets

Dainty boxed towel sets, consisting of one good sized towel of excellent quality, soft and thickly napped and two face cloths in choice of rose, mauve, yellow or blue. Set.....75c.

Huck Towels

All linen huck towels, finely hemstitched with damask ends in neat floral design. Size 18 x 34 inches. Each .....59c.

Hemstitched Huck Towels

"Old Bleach" linen huck towels of fine quality, pure linen huckaback, with rose border and lattice centre. Size 22 x 38 inches. Pair 2.25

Linen Towels Pair 3.50

Hemstitched linen huck towels, hand embroidered at each end in daisy design. Very fine quality, size 22 x 38 inches. Pair.....3.50

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Coolie Coat and Pyjama Set

Sleeveless pyjama suits of knit rayon with contrasting hand painted flower design on coat and trousers. Coolie Coat to match. Sizes 36, 38, 40.

Suit, 9.00

Rayon Nigntgowns

Lace-trimmed nightgowns in a smart variety of styles....knit of fine quality, pastel tinted rayon. Sizes 36 to 40 in the group. Each,

1.50 to 2.75

Swan Brand Rayon Vests and Bloomers

Very moderate in price....remarkable in quality and finish. Colors to match in sets, flesh, peach, nile, June rose, orchid. Opera top vest and bobette or regulation bloomers. Sizes to fit 34 to 44. Exceptional value! Price, each

79c.

Rayon Knickers

Luxuriously lace-trimmed or smartly tailored knickers of gleaming, knit rayon in dainty, pastel tones. Sizes to fit 34 to 42. Excellent value! Garment 1.95

Shadow Proof Rayon Slips

Tailored, shadow-proof slips....opera top. In white, flesh, peach and black. Sizes to fit 34 to 42. Splendid value! Each 1.79

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One-piece undergarment of gleaming rayon....brassiere and knickers in one...smartly cut. Finished with lace yoke. Sizes 32 to 36 bust. Suit..... 1.95

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Men's 7 in. Gum Rubbers 2.59

Men's red gum rubber boots, with white foxing and solid rubber heel. An exceptionally low price. Be early! Sizes 6 to 11. Turkey Days Special, pair 2.59

Boys' and Youth's Boots 1.69 to 1.98

Made of strong box kip with solid leather outsole, rubber heels and leather insoles.
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Sizes 1 to 5½, pair.....1.98

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Birkdale Men's Fine Hose Pair, 1.00

Quality hose, knit from fine cashmere yarns and silk and cashmere in a wide variety of fancy patterns and colors. Sizes 10 to 11½. Pair..... 1.00

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The Jolly Old Fellow will be Ready to Greet the Kiddies at 9 a.m. in Toyland

Santa Is Coming!

The dear old fellow, with his merry, twinkly eyes, hearty laugh and fat, red cheeks is on his way—in fact, he expects to arrive in Napanee late Friday night. Maybe if you stay awake you'll hear the "clippity, clippity, clippity, clop" of his reindeer, and in front of the C.D.S. his loud "Whoa, my beauties." He tells us he has a wonderful list of surprises for the kiddies in Napanee and district—he says he must shake hands with every one of the young ones—but ask mother to bring you Saturday! Santa's home is in Toyland on the First floor.

Santa Has a Gift For Every Boy and Girl

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Meccano

The finest steel structural sets, very instructive and interesting for boys of all ages. Sets from

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In endless variety, all new and exciting for little folk who find them in their stocking Christmas morning. Priced from

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Blocks—all sorts and sizes—little blocks and picture blocks—all very interesting and exciting for toddlers.
Solid Blocks with letters, ...15c. to 1.50
Picture Puzzle Blocks, ...25c. to 50c.
Nested Blocks, set.....20c.
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Teddy Bears

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Dolls.....15c. to 95c.
Eaton Beauty Dolls.....1.50

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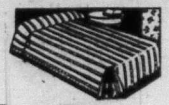

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The popular gift—always appreciated. Choose Eatonia for outstanding value. Made of fine Irish linen, hemstitched and plain white. Eatonia value, ea.. 25c.

Men's Eatonia Shirts 2.50

A shirt whose very appearance speaks quality. Tailored from excellent quality lustrous cotton broadcloths, with 2 soft collars to match and soft, durable cuffs. In plain shades of white and sand and a variety of new, fancy striped patterns. Sizes 14 to 17½. Eatonia value, each.....2.50

Birkdale Men's Fine Hose Pair, 1.00

Quality hose, knit from fine cashmere yarns and silk and cashmere in a wide variety of fancy patterns and colors. Sizes 10 to 11½. Pair..... 1.00

SANTA CLAUS ARRIVES ON SATURDAY

The Jolly Old Fellow will be Ready to Greet the Kiddies at 9 a.m. in Toyland

Santa Is Coming!

The dear old fellow, with his merry, twinkly eyes, hearty laugh and fat, red cheeks is on his way—in fact, he expects to arrive in Napanee late Friday night. Maybe if you stay awake you'll hear the "clippity, clippity, clippity, clop" of his reindeer, and in front of the C.D.S. his loud "Whoa, my beauties." He tells us he has a wonderful list of surprises for the kiddies in Napanee and district—he says he must shake hands with every one of the young ones—but ask mother to bring you Saturday! Santa's home is in Toyland on the First floor.

Santa Has a Gift For Every Boy and Girl

A little remembrance of him which the kiddies will treasure.

In Toyland - Saturday

Meccano

The finest steel structural sets, very instructive and interesting for boys of all ages. Sets from

1.00 to 45.00

Mechanical Toys

In endless variety, all new and exciting for little folk who find them in their stocking Christmas morning. Priced from

15c. to 75c.

Blocks—all sorts and sizes—little blocks and picture blocks—all very interesting and exciting for toddlers.
Solid Blocks with letters, ...15c. to 1.50
Picture Puzzle Blocks, ...25c. to 50c.
Nested Blocks, set.....20c.
Building Blocks, set...50c.

Teddy Bears

The most funny teddy bears you ever saw, a regular circus of them—some growl, some turn somersaults, some play musical tunes, and then there are others who are just lovely teddy bears. Priced.....30c. to 4.95

Games

A wonderful assortment in the C.D.S. toyland for little boys and girls, all are popular, including checkers, dominoes, parcheesi, flinch, par golf, ludo, lost heir, fort, etc. Priced.....25c. to 1.50

"Spirit of St. Louis" Flying Aeroplane

Strongly made of brightly colored celluloid, a great "stunt" plane every boy or girl will have lots of fun with. Each .....25c.

Toys For Girls

Dolls' Furniture.....15c. to 1.25
Kindergarten Sets.....1.25
Dolls' Trunks.....95c. and 1.25
Dolls' Luggage.....59c. and 85c.
Kitchen Sets.....25c. to 85c.
Doll's Bassinette 75c. to 2.50
Doll Carriages.....1.95 to 10.50
Doll's Cradles.....1.75
Dolls.....15c. to 95c.
Eaton Beauty Dolls.....1.50

Eatonia Wagons

The Eatonia coaster wagon is dear to the heart of every live boy who owns one. It is swift, good looking and safe—above all it is made to stand up under rough usage. Equipped with strong brake, disc wheels with heavy rubber tires. Eatonia value, small size.. 2.95
Medium.. 4.95 Large.... 6.95

T. EATON Co. Limited ORDER OFFICE

Take full advantage of the many shopping suggestions listed in the Catalogue. Orders may be phoned or left at this office and will be filled in Toronto and returned. 'Phone 422 for any information you wish.

THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES LIMITED
Napanee Ontario

Wise Shoppers Come to C. D. S. for Bargains